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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Current Comments

MAY, 1933

[The debates on Indian Constitutional Reform which ended in the appointment of the Joint Committee, treated of questions so important that we make no apology for devoting to them the space usually reserved for current notes upon a greater variety of outstanding topics.

We have invited Sir Arnold Wilson to deal with the subject from the point of view of one who, after many years spent in diplomacy and administration in the Middle East, has made a special study of the forms of government for which men are contesting in Asia.—D. J.]

The Indian Constitutional Proposals

COMMAND Paper 4268 (2s. net)—which, in 110,000 words, explains the principles and, more provisionally, "the exact nature and intended effect" of the Proposals made by His Majesty's Government for Indian Constitutional Reform—must be read with the Official Report of the three-day debates in both Houses of Parliament. There only, as anticipated in the Command Paper, were the general arguments in justification, and denigration, of the Proposals, marshalled and elaborated. The debate showed Parliament at its best; had the Proposals been issued a month earlier they would have fared worse. Sir Samuel Hoare spoke eloquently of the difficulties, the complexities, and the anomalies of "the veritable jig-saw puzzle" to which he has devoted so much labour; he might have given Parliament more time to study a subject which, after speaking for one and three-quarter hours, he had scarcely begun to explain.

A Pre-war mentality

FRUITFUL study and constructive criticism must be undertaken in the light of Sir Samuel Hoare's frank

admission that nearly all the current problems of India are "almost insoluble," and of the fact that the governments of Great Britain and India are to-day dominated by men whose minds and speech are mainly inspired by the ideals, and mirrored in the shibboleths, of the 'fifties and 'sixties. Most statesmen in both countries maintain almost unchanged the mid-Victorian ideals of "government by the people, for the people," etc. Whatever their private feelings may be, they can see no escape from the consequences of the teachings of their fathers. "We are slaves of our own achievements," cries Mr. John Buchan. "For a century we have been labouring to inspire India with our own political philosophy, and we have largely succeeded. We cannot exclude her from sharing in what we ourselves regard as the best."

The Eclipse of Parliamentarism

DO we, in fact, regard Parliamentary institutions as "the best"? Are we justified in imposing them, with or without the assistance of like-minded Indians?

The leaders of the Opposition in this country have announced that if and when they return to power they will follow the lead of Russia, Italy and Germany, and act under emergency powers, viz. by dictatorship.

"Responsible" government has definitely broken down except in the British Empire, in France, and in some of the smaller European countries. It exists in a modified form in Japan; it has been tried and rejected in every other independent State in Asia and has never existed in China and Russia, the home of more than a quarter of the human race.

Parliamentary institutions may endure in countries where they are rooted in the past. What prospects are there, in 1934, of planting them successfully in Asia? The omens are not favourable.

"History is bunk," said an American.

"HISTORICAL considerations or precedents," said Sir Samuel Hoare recently, "are irrelevant to

present conditions in India"; thus also the Proposals (introductory para. 6). It is true that history never repeats itself, but it repeats the same lesson, and those to whom history has nothing to teach do not in the long run go unpunished. We learn from history that Indians, like other people, have governed themselves, not unsuccessfully, through systems of rule evolved through many centuries, autocratic in form, but representative in spirit. The units of government in the past have seldom for long been large; with improved communications they can to-day be larger. Size need not trouble us unduly.

The Proposed Electoral System

WHAT should cause us anxiety is the proposed electoral system. The disastrous error of the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme, which rejected secondary electorates in favour of direct voting, has been perpetuated, on grounds which appear wholly indecisive, and against the weight of experience outside India.

The proposed increase in the size of Legislative Assemblies is very large, viz.:

	Present Membership.	Proposed Membership.
Madras - - -	132	215
Bengal - - -	140	250
United Provinces -	123	228
Punjab - - -	94	175
Central Provinces -	72	112
Assam - - -	53	108

Such large numbers will involve heavy consequential expenditure and will hamper business.

The Problem of the Executive

"GOVERNMENT after Government, Constitution after Constitution," said Sir S. Hoare, "has floundered owing to weakness of the Executive....We do not propose to weaken the Indian Executive...but by

concentrating on essentials and defining responsibilities to remove certain of the causes that now weaken government in India, both in the Centre and in the Provinces." *Bien ragi, lion!* Let us examine the Proposals as they affect the Central Government. This cannot function according to plan unless the Federation and the Federal Constitution come into existence, i.e. not until a substantial and specified proportion of Indian States have acceded, on terms to be agreed in each case. Assuming that this comes to pass, and it seems at present improbable, the Federal Legislature will consist of two elements: that of British India, pseudo-democratic and self governing; that of the Indian States, a hereditary autocracy. Acts of this hybrid Legislature will apply automatically to British India, but only partially, if at all, to Indian States. In comparison with this section of the Proposals the Athanasian Creed is lucidity itself.

The Safeguards

MUCH care and ingenuity has been devoted to devising statutory safeguards against a breakdown at the Centre. The control of the Departments of Defence and External Affairs is to be exercised by the Governor-General alone. He is invested with discretionary powers to summon or dissolve the Legislature, to give, reserve or withhold assent from Bills passed or to be introduced. He is given three counsellors of high standing to help him in the Reserved Departments, and is vested with authority for the due discharge of certain special responsibilities, viz., to prevent "grave menace" to the peace of India, to safeguard its financial stability, to protect minorities, the Public Services, any Indian State, and to prevent commercial discrimination. He has no one to help him perform this, the heaviest part of his duties. *Neque vir neque ullus, eximet onus istud.* The Provincial Governors are in the same position. Should not some provision be made for Deputies, if only to provide against absence or sickness?

Lord Willingdon and his Successor

FOR the next decade, at least, the first essential to success in a Governor will be previous experience of India; in a Governor-General previous experience of one or, if possible, two, Indian provinces. There will be no room for amateurs whatever their affiliations.

Much of Lord Willingdon's very notable success is to be ascribed to his wide experience. He had no illusions, and no prejudices. He did not need to feel his way cautiously for a year or two. He knew and was known by everyone who mattered. The fact that owing to long absence he knew comparatively few leading men at home was an asset rather than a drawback. He has greatly strengthened his position during the last twelve months and was never in better health.

Nothing would more greatly help His Majesty's Government in the difficult task before them than the announcement that Lord Willingdon intended, God willing, to serve his full five years in the Viceroyalty. This might serve to stifle rumours—one at least most disquieting—as to possible successors in the future.

The Economic Aspect of Federation

WISE men, Aristotle among the thinkers, and Augustus among the rulers, have realized that there must be limits to the size of a stable State. But there are upper and lower limits, and it is the big Empires of history, not the small States, that have endured. If India as a whole is too big—and it is by every test smaller than many Empires of the past—some of the Indian States are too small. It is true that most eastern wars in the past have arisen from an ill-considered and primitive impulse towards unity, but economic interdependence is a new and weighty factor on the other side; and on economic grounds the Proposals are bald, unconvincing, and unattractive. If Federation is to come at all, it must be demonstrably advantageous on economic grounds to individual States.

A Suggestion

CAN nothing be done in this connection in Committee, to put life into the sixty-four dry bones of the "exclusively Federal" subjects (App. VI)? There is no more valid criticism of our record in India than that we have encouraged politics to the exclusion of scientific research and economic development, both subjects congenial to the Indian mind. In no branches of administration is continuity more essential, nor the advantages of centralization so patent. Is it too late to introduce a statutory All-India Board of Economic Development and Scientific Research, to which existing multifarious agencies would be subordinate, including perhaps the Statutory Railway Board? The existence of such a Board, controlled by a few men of recognized ability and status, might do much to commend Federation and to give much-needed strength to the Central Government. The Centre must be strong enough to resist centrifugal tendencies, and in case of need to perform unpopular negative functions. To this end it must have ample power to initiate, to advise and to construct.

No country can provide such a body so well as Great Britain, where industrial, scientific, agricultural and medical research are now well-recognized functions of government, through a non-political channel—the Privy Council. In each case India has made a good beginning. The success of Federation will depend in large measure not only on financial stability, but on economic enterprise and foresight.

Safeguards and the Constitution Act

ARE the safeguards against commercial and racial discrimination adequate? Are they of vital or of secondary importance in comparison with the guarantees offered by the Proposals to the peoples of India? If the latter prove adequate, need we be unduly anxious as to the former? Our present attitude towards safeguards is ambiguous. It is sometimes suggested that they are of

fundamental importance; at other times (e.g. in the recent Round Table Conference) they have been pictured as expedients which, it is hoped, it will never be necessary to enforce in practice, and which may in no case be used in derogation of central or provincial autonomy. I have myself heard an enthusiastic British delegate to the Round Table Conference express in a public meeting the hope that projected safeguards would become "rusty weapons." The Constitution Act should make it clear that safeguards are for use and are not to be treated as obsolescent *ab initio*, otherwise a rapid lapse into desuetude is certain. They are not strong, but it is very doubtful if they can, on paper, be made stronger; against such weapons as the boycott there is no remedy in an Act of Parliament.

Safeguards for India?

UPON the safeguards, in a different sense of the word, offered to the liberties and welfare of the peoples of India at large much of the Debate turned. Time, and the Indian peasant, will give the answer, at or before the third election under the Constitution Act. The test he will apply will be pragmatic. Is taxation lower or higher? The police force better or worse? Justice cheaper or dearer? And prices higher or lower? In other words, can his new leaders protect him as did his old rulers?

Declarations of Fundamental Rights in His Majesty's Inaugural Proclamation will move him not at all; provisions as to the respect due to personal liberty, thoughts of property and his eligibility for public office will be of value only if the Law Courts and the police enjoy his confidence.

Yet something might be done to increase the confidence of the masses in the new regime. We might well use the Act to assimilate the position in India of the Crown as litigant more closely to that of the subject, as in Egypt and the Dominions. We might introduce some

form of *droit administratif*, we might give the humblest public servants in India greater security than the Proposals afford, and the public full right to sue the State in tort or in breach of contract in a measure now denied to them.

The Appointment of Judges

THE most striking feature, to an outsider, of the Proposals is the abrogation (Art. 176) of the existing requirement that Judges of the Provincial High Courts should be drawn in equal number from the British bar, the I.C.S. and the Indian bar. The qualifications of these groups were complementary; the first brought to their work breadth and independence of mind; the second an intimate acquaintance with Indian administration, life and thought; the third familiarity with the wiles and guiles of suitors and their attorneys. The combination has done much to give the highest Courts of India the reputation they enjoy. What is the reason for the change proposed? The Introductory Memorandum is silent on the point; it is one with which the Indian voter will in the future be unable to deal. Are we not undermining instead of underpinning the foundations of Justice in advance? The Proposals have been criticized, not unfairly, for inelasticity in some directions. This matter is however one in which the discretion of the Crown for the next ten years might wisely be limited by Statute.

Can "Discrimination" be Prevented?

ARTICLE 122 of the Proposals prohibits commercial, residential or professional discrimination against British subjects or companies. "British subjects" alone are mentioned, and the term is not defined. Are the King's lieges in Australia, the Irish Free State, Kenya, Hong Kong and Ceylon British subjects for this purpose? They are specifically excluded from Article 123 which deals with the same subject. And what will be the

position of aliens, Asiatic and other, resident in India in hundreds of thousands? They include Afghans and Nepalese, Tibetans and Chinese, Persians and Arabs, not to mention the subjects of non-Federated States. Does the rule of reciprocity hold good, or have they, too, fundamental rights?

No British subject *domiciled in the United Kingdom* may be subjected to any disability in India to which an Indian might not be subject in the United Kingdom in matters of travel, residence, acquisition of property, and trade generally, including shipping. This matter deserves meticulous examination, if only to prevent subsequent controversy. It should be supplemented by specific provisions against double taxation.

Is there anything to prevent the grant to foreigners of immunities not accorded to British subjects?

The Future of the Services

THE transfer of "law and order"—judicature and police—to Indian hands would be viewed with less misgiving but for the fact that the Minister will be "responsible," i.e. dependent on the electorate—whose composition cannot be discussed within the limits of these notes. The step is subject to safeguards "which the Viceroy and every Governor now in India unanimously regard, in the difficult conditions which confront us, as on the whole a sound and workable scheme." This cautious but emphatic claim is reinforced by "the unanimous opinion of every responsible British official in a high post in India to-day" (a phrase which by deliberately excluding the rank and file doubtless, and rightly, drew Mr. Winston Churchill's fire). We might be disposed to follow our leaders here, but for the Statutory Commission which, in five years' time will, by enquiring into the recruitment of the Services, automatically raise a whole crop of fresh questions. Why five years? Why a Statutory Commission? Sir S. Hoare has produced his proposals "in the teeth of stubborn

and irreducible facts." Will the Welfare of the Constitutional Infants on whose pre-natal care we are lavishing so much thought be served by an inquiry within five years of birth into the recruitment of the King's Nursing Services? This provision contrasts strangely with the vast powers taken by the Secretary of State and the Viceroy in financial and other spheres. It will take five years for the Public Services to get into their stride, and five years is but a day in the life of India. If a Statutory Commission is necessary for this matter, why not for others? This new instrument has not been beyond criticism in the past. There are other and better sedatives, and tonics, in the family medicine chest.

Financial Problems

THE most difficult section of the Command Paper (why does the Press, in tautological frenzy, call it a White Paper, seeing that blue has, presumably for political reasons, ceased to be the standard cover of Parliamentary publications for more than a decade?) is that dealing with finance. The probable financial position will be reviewed " at as late a stage as possible before the new Constitution actually comes into operation." The actual determination of subventions and the division of resources between Federal and Provincial authorities will be made by Orders in Council at the latest possible moment.

Article 147 confers trustee status on existing Indian and future Federal sterling loans. But what of other Indian stock and debentures set forth in the schedules to the Trustee Act, 1925? Are we justified in making India an annual present of one or two per cent. per annum on all loans? Should not we first examine afresh, in the light of present-day conditions, the Colonial Stock Act, 1900, as well as the Trustee Act, and deal comprehensively with the whole question, independently of these Proposals? Sir Robert Kindersley has estimated the total

investment of British funds in India and Ceylon in December, 1930, at £465,000,000, of which £238,000,000 was in Government, State and Municipal loans. The sum is small in comparison with our investments in other foreign countries. Is it just to allow trustees to invest money in India and Newfoundland, but not in the Suez Canal Company?

The Federal Government will have powers to guarantee loans to any provinces or State members on terms; these powers might perhaps be extended to great municipalities and to power companies which may in the future help as largely in the development of India as have railways in the past. The financial proposals deserve a very select Committee all to themselves.

A Fundamental Omission

ENOUGH has perhaps been said to stimulate further study and constructive criticism of the Proposals. To admit a moral obligation to introduce "responsible" government is not to deny that it may break down, but representative government in one form or another is as old as man in society, and was urged upon Moses by his father-in-law Jethro. The selection of representatives of the people at the polling booth is quite new, and has never worked in Asia, excluding Japan, which, as the world has at last learned, is *sui generis*. If a breakdown occur it will not be due to Indianization of the Services, but to the method of election, for government by an irremovable Executive, responsibly advised by representative bodies, has worked for centuries. To give power to the Governor-General to modify or even suspend the electoral provisions would be the greatest of all safeguards, and perhaps, in a few years' time, the most popular. Inelasticity in this regard may prove to be the Achilles' heel of the Act, and India may have more to unlearn in the second than to learn in the first lustrum of the Constitutional Age.

Our Responsibility

IT is not Indian character or Indian wisdom that we should mistrust, but the consequences of an unsuitable electoral system which can only work where a common culture prevails, and a certain homogeneity of race. The elements of a true aristocracy exist in India. We have done our best to bury it beneath office files, examinations, and nonsense about equality, and we are despised for having done so. In times of trouble men look for guidance to the few—who stand, undismayed, ready to sacrifice themselves—for the path of the true political leader takes him but to the altar of sacrifice. Of such men there are in India not a few. Our problem is to put power into their hands. Will the Proposals enable us to do so? The sausage-seller, as we know from *The Knights*, lies ever on the flank of Cleon; let us learn from ancient Greece and modern Europe and have a care lest we promote him to high office. The blame will not be on Indians, but on us.

A. T. WILSON.

The Case for Japan

By W. Kirkpatrick, M.P.

EVER since I have been in the House of Commons after almost every question asked in regard to China and Japan, I have refrained from asking a very obvious supplementary question. I have refrained because I felt it would be a reflection on the knowledge of the House. The question I have had in mind was this: "Is it not a fact, and is the fact fully and properly realized, that Japan is a united national entity—and that China is not?" I cannot believe that the Opposition and a few other members of the House who show a palpably anti-Japanese bias are not fully alive to the conditions which have existed in China for the last twenty years.

The truth is that while China is divided up into a variety of different races and languages, and is not even nominally a federation of states, Japan is a unified, well-organized, united kingdom. I have, indeed, heard Japanese friends express pride and pleasure that Japan is comparable with England. The geographical position of the islands comprising Japan—their relation to the contiguous continent of Asia, is remarkably similar to that of England, Scotland and Ireland—in juxtaposition to the continent of Europe. This analogy can be carried still further. Japan has many problems similar to ours. Her people are a maritime, sea-faring people. They face and overcome adversity. Japan has, moreover, a much smaller capacity for producing food even than we have. Besides Formosa, she has no colonies. The greater part of all her islands is uncultivable. Japan, like ourselves, has to rely on industrial development to enable her to produce goods to sell in return for raw materials, and—in increasing quantities—for foodstuffs. Japan has a rapidly increasing population—a virile, adventurous, persistent people. Within seven decades they have adapted themselves to every influence of modern civilization. They have adopted, adapted, and perfected modern material

processes in every phase and aspect. The foundation on which they have built their present up-to-date structure is the ancient civilization of China. Their written language or idiography is Chinese—their artistic sense and tastes have been influenced by, and, indeed, originated from China.

Their army has been created and organized on European lines; education has been based on German principles; railways on American; their navy on our navy. Some of their most famous soldiers and sailors are Christians—Admiral Togo, for instance. Many of their leaders in all walks of life are Christians.

I spent two of the most interesting and pleasant years of my life in Japan. Breaking away from the conventions and the now dying "extra-territorial" atmosphere of Yokohama and Kobe, I lived in the heart of Tokyo.

On my return to London in 1926, I had the privilege of a long talk with the late Lord Birkenhead—then Secretary of State for India, about Japan and Manchuria. What I said then in effect was this: I said then and I am more than ever convinced now, that the only possible chance of peace coming to Manchuria is with Japanese guidance, surveillance, and even temporary suzerainty. At that time it was common knowledge that for many years previously a movement had been on foot to restore the Manchu dynasty, if not to the throne of China, to their own original kingdom. I met a Mr. Ku Hung-Ming in Kyto in 1924. He must then have been 65. He was touring Japan lecturing in faultless fluent English to Japanese audiences, "promoting cultural relations between China and Japan," with a strong bias against the new Chinese Republic and the "New Learning." He claimed that his loyalty to the Ta Ching Dynasty was a loyalty to the religion of China, the Great Code of Honour and Duty: *Ming fen ta yi*, the Religion of Loyalty, the Law of the Gentleman. "In China," he said to me, "*Demo*-crazy (*sic*), which has come with the New Learn-

ing, has destroyed the gentleman, and therefore in China now we have no government." Ku Hung-Ming had been Secretary to the Viceroy, Chan Chih tung, in Wuchang—and it was generally accepted in Japan that he represented loyalist ambitions in Peking and Manchuria. I heard recently that he died in extreme poverty a year or two ago in Tokyo.

And here I join issue with the League's finding that "the sovereignty over Manchuria belongs to China." Before the dissolution of the Chinese Empire—antecedent to the temporary arrogation by Yuan shi ki, the association of Manchuria with China was dynastic; comparable to the Union of England with Scotland in the seventeenth century. The "King" of Manchuria became (but by conquest) Emperor of China—as the King of Scotland became King of England. On the fall of the Manchu dynasty in Peking, Manchuria came under the sway of Chang-tso-lin and his son and successor Chang Hsuek-liang, neither of whom acknowledged the suzerainty of any Chinese authority. The Lytton Report explains that Chang the younger "seems to have looked upon his relations with the (Chinese) Government . . . in the sense of a personal alliance." Even after this working arrangement made in 1928 with the then Nanking Government, "the old system . . . continued to function as before." An arrangement, let it be admitted, which suited Japan and which she more than tolerated in view of her knowledge, shared by every intelligent neutral foreign observer in the Far East, of the events which were to follow.

During my visit, Manchuria was governed by Chang-tso-lin, with Japan closely watching his steps. He may have been on leading strings. He was kept in power in order to secure, as far as he was able or could be persuaded to, the maintenance of and some respect for Japan's treaty rights in Manchuria. The nebulous governments of Peking, Nanking and Canton were incapable of respecting anybody's—far less any inter-

national obligations and treaties. Put it this way—Japan kept an eye on Chang-tso-lin and made use of him until someone of greater authority and authenticity was ready to take his place. I have reason to believe that ever since the expulsion of the successor of the dethroned Emperor from Peking all the best elements, including the best Chinese in China and in Manchuria, were hoping for and working for the release of Manchukuo from the control of adventurers and for its restoration to the Manchu dynasty. That restoration has now been effected with Japanese assistance and recognition. Even under the regime of the Changs in Manchuria, Japanese surveillance ensured a measure of law and order, not to say some prosperity, and peace at least far greater than prevailed—or prevails to-day—in any other part or province of China.

The " personal alliance " with the variegated " government " of Nanking, probably because it had acquired a " face-saving " stimulus through the recognition by the Powers of its claim to an " all-China " status, encouraged the younger Chang to further despotism and to the oppression which had characterized the rule of his father the old Marshal Chang-tso-lin. Japan's surveillance became increasingly delicate and difficult, though a movement was now rapidly developing in Manchuria in opposition to Chang's policy of military adventure in China. The Manchus, let it be recognized, are a very real people and are as distinct from the peoples in the Yangtse valley and Canton as are the peoples of South and Northern India. A deliberate and definite self-determined desire manifested itself in Manchuria for peace at home. This movement was initiated by leaders of the people in Manchuria itself and was encouraged by many prominent and exceptionally capable men in China, who retained an intense traditional loyalty to the Manchu dynasty, and hoped and had worked for its restoration for the previous twenty years.

When the younger Chang, with his " personal army,"

retired beyond the Great Wall the movement gained momentum. Chang's entourage of hirelings were replaced by local leaders of authority, and district, provincial and literally national committees and councils were organized to maintain order and to carry on forms of localized self-government which the people of the country have been used to for centuries. The anti-Chang feeling found freedom of expression and obviously with Japanese encouragement and approval the independence of Manchukuo under the descendant of last Emperor was proclaimed.

Here, again, when it is a matter of knowledge, it is impossible not to appreciate Japanese reluctance to accept the League's dictum that the movement of Manchurian self-determination was " conceived, organized and carried through " by " a group of Japanese military and civil officials." Our history in India and in other parts of the world afford parallel instance after instance of good work by our political officers and diplomats where we have been involved in restoring dynasties small and great and in giving friendly guidance through our men on the spot to secure the restoration of a monarch who would suit the people and our own interests best. Is the gravamen of the charge against Japan then, that her intelligence service and her local diplomacy has been too efficient? What about the Punjab, or Oudh or Hyderabad and the Nawabs of Bengal, not to mention Egypt in more recent history? Japan is no less and no more justified in her approval of the displacing of adventurers who had no title to rule—who ruled by the force of mercenaries and by extortion—than we were before and after all India came under the Crown, in approving and assisting the setting up of rulers in disorganized states in India. And history proves that we were justified. The Lytton Committee, moreover, would not appear to approve of the restoration of the Chang regime; an argument the logic of which Japanese opinion cannot understand. Supposing, they say, the people of Man-

churia favoured Chang's return, why deny it? But if the will of the people is against any such return, how can it be argued that the present position is only due to Japanese coercion and Japanese machinations?

Japanese opinion is unanimous in contradicting the charge that the recognition of the new State of Manchukuo constitutes a violation of the Nine-Power Treaty. The Japanese contend, in the words of Count Uchida, "that the Nine-Power Treaty does not forbid all separatist movements in China, or debar the Chinese in any part of the country from setting up of their own free will an independent State." It should be recorded that Count Uchida, who is Foreign Minister, has repeatedly stated, as have done representative Japanese statesmen on every possible opportunity, that Japan disclaims "any territorial designs in Manchuria or anywhere else."

The League, with lugubrious solemnity, has "found" Japan to have acted contrary to Articles 10 and 12 of the Covenant. The violation of Article 12 requires, theoretically at least, the application of the economic sanctions provided for by Article 16. But is this practicable at the present, or any time? Article 16 in its present form has long been recognized as being unworkable. On the top of what Japanese opinion is not alone in considering to be unrealities, a new committee has been set up. And —more unrealities—this committee has solemnly invited the collaboration of the United States of America and the United States of Soviet Russia to go, *inter alia*, presumably, into the question of an embargo on armaments. Meanwhile Jehol has been restored to its proper place within the comity of Manchukuo; Japan needs no arms; the United States of America can be presumed to have concluded the supply of any arms China is ever likely to require for the reconquest of Manchukuo; and the United States of Soviet Russia, not being members of the League, continue to occupy as much of Western Manchuria as they desire, without leave or hindrance from the League of Nations or anyone else.

Let me make a confession: before I left India I was intolerant of Japan and the Japanese, being influenced by the fact that I saw then the beginnings of intensive competition from Japan in all our world's markets. I saw Japanese firms in Calcutta competing with British firms, not only in imports of cotton textiles and other goods into India, but also in exports of the principal commodities, such as jute cloth, from India. Japanese ships were competing in the coastal shipping trade; Japanese banks were competing in exchange; Japan had the match monopoly; Japanese buyers of cotton were establishing themselves in the principal cotton-growing districts all over India.

I had heard before I went to Japan that while a "Chinaman's word was as good as his bond, a Japanese was commercially untrustworthy." My two years in Japan proved to me how utterly and entirely mistaken I was in my prejudgment. I formed friendships with Japanese of every class, from the highest in the land to the lowest. I found them neither subtle nor inscrutable. And I found that man for man, and every time, it was the people of this country they admired most, got on best with, and whose comradeship and guidance they desired. As a business man—representing the leading British firm in Japan, who had been established there for fifty years and whose name was a household word—I had special facilities for contacts and friendships not ordinarily accessible to our Embassy, or Consular Services. With my long Indian experience as background and as stimulus I was a keen observer. Japan is being misunderstood. To me, her motives are as simple and as clear as have been her asseverations at Geneva. She has a duty to herself, to her own two million nationals in Manchuria, and especially to the 20 millions of Chinese refugees who have sought sanctuary in Manchukuo from the chaos, communism and banditry which has shocked, shaken and ruined every other province of what was once the Chinese Empire.

China is bound to fulfil treaty rights and obligations entered into with Japan—entered into with the approval and knowledge of the whole world. Treaties and agreements which involve not only Japan's investments of over £200,000,000 in Manchukuo, but also individual responsibilities which she was encouraged by all the great Powers to incur—in the interests, I assert, if not of the whole world—at least of every part and province of China. No Power or people in the world have a more intimate knowledge of, or keener sympathy with the aspirations of the people of China than have the people of Japan. Every good quality of the people of China is understood and fully appreciated by all classes of Japanese. Chinese and Japanese business men, intellectuals and statesmen have the highest regard for each other. Many of the latter-day generals in China were educated and trained in Japanese military academies. Japan is always a safe refuge for Chinese leaders and politicians who need a home. It is true to-day that some of the best elements in China—certainly in Manchuria—are in association with Japan in the endeavour to establish, as they certainly will, and as recent events show they are on the way to do at least one peaceful, prosperous province, an example which will surely be followed by other provinces in China. Japan is showing the way. And here is a very significant fact. Ten, even five years ago, it would have been true to say that most British, perhaps most Europeans living in China were anti-Japanese. Some nations, influenced, I am bound to say, by certain foreign missionaries, were strongly prejudiced against Japanese influence, and Japanese trading activities in China. And to-day nearly every British publicist, journalist or business man, in China has swung almost completely round, and on the Manchurian question sympathizes more with Tokyo than with Nanking. This sympathy is prompted primarily by concern for and appreciation of the people of China; and for this reason most Englishmen with a real knowledge of sino-Japanese

affairs believe it will be for the good of those unrepresented millions of Chinese, that Manchukuo shall be established as an independent self-governing state. This purpose can only be attained with the direct aid of Japan, and by exactly such direct action as Japan has taken and is now taking.

The next step I prophesy will be the stabilization of the Yangtsi valley with Shanghai as its apex and as entrepot for an area embracing a population of some 150,000,000. This will come automatically and unaided by any outside influence and/or control. Japan fully realizes this development, and has no reason nor would she have any justification for interference in spheres *beyond which she has clearly declared are the limits of her objective and policy*. I for one believe that she will abide by her undertakings —unless by our unfriendliness we goad her into further isolation. While obviously Japan has had, and will continue to be accorded, most-favoured nation treatment from Manchukuo, a settled Manchukuo—with the favourable repercussions on contiguous provinces—would open out opportunities for British goods and British trade which we have been waiting for for the past twenty years. The development of Japan meant orders for machinery and plant for this country and for America. Peace, and a settled government in Manchuria will mean orders for British-made machinery, plant and goods of every possible description. China, with its 400,000,000 at present imports 2 per cent. of the world's trade—its potentiality as a buyer of world's goods has been described as a vacuum. No country can expect to have the monopoly of supplying all the goods China or any province or part of China requires to import.

The establishment of Manchukuo is, I believe, a beginning in that final settlement of peace, and opportunity for unfettered action and trade—which not only we desire—even if our motives are not entirely disinterested, but which all the people of China if capable of giving any expression themselves, desire more than anyone.

Japan has always sought and appreciated and valued our comradeship beyond compare. She does so to-day more ardently, and in my view, deserves it more than ever before. I appeal for understanding and sympathy for Japan in the difficulties of the position she has been forced into, almost literally with her back to the wall. Whether from a sentimental, or from a purely material point of view, I value the maintenance of this potential friendship, a real national *comradeship* of this country with Japan, as I do with China, and with India, more than I do, more than I care for (our own colonies and dominions excepted) than with any other country in the world. From these three countries we will receive, whether it be trade or friendship, more than we give.

I look back to 1921. As the world knows, or believes, we were cajoled then into abrogating a treaty which Japan had honoured so steadfastly and so loyally. We were suspected, but forgiven, for having abrogated, to placate, as a Japanese friend described it, a "nation whose heads were swollen with gold." I beg we see to it that we are not so diverted again.

As a Lancashire member, I would point out that we in Lancashire have suffered from the intensive competition of Japan not only in our colonies, but all over the world. To meet and overcome this competition there are certain commercial treaties with Japan which we must at an early date terminate. The necessary and delicate negotiations to this end can only successfully be entered upon and concluded—if we are to obtain full reciprocal benefits in an amicable atmosphere.

I say it with a full sense of responsibility and in all earnestness, it is my very deep conviction that in regard to Manchukuo, Japan is right. The Lytton Report, with all its transparently sincere intentions, with all its obvious straining to be sympathetic (and consequent failure to be fair) to both sides, is wrong. Thus the Geneva decisions are wrong and are and always will be unacceptable to Japan.

My Two Selves

By Hesketh Pearson

ACTUALLY, of course, a man has a score of selves each different from the rest, and he can never tell which of them will take the upper hand at any given moment. For example, he can be uplifted by heroism and shaken by cowardice within the same hour. Sometimes a physically brave man is a moral coward, sometimes a morally brave man is a physical coward, and so on. Cowardice is often the result of a vivid imagination. Bravery is usually displayed when the imagination, if any, has no time to function. Socrates says somewhere that courage is frequently based on the fear of being afraid, and as he had been a soldier he knew what he was talking about. Very few men in possession of their faculties are bold enough to show the white feather in public.

Though most of us can appear brave before our companions, not many of us can play the solitary hero. Speaking personally, I can honestly say that I am as brave as anybody whenever there is anybody to be brave for; all I require is the moral stimulus of companionship. But when I am alone in a jungle or an eastern bazaar, I am not myself, or rather I am another self which I prefer to think is not myself. In short, I could win a V.C. but I could never be a General Gordon.

The following episodes illustrate two of my selves. They happened exactly as related and I do not attempt to explain my behaviour. As matters of general human interest, those dealing with fear seem to me alone worthy of record; but I have added the others because, exhibiting an apparently different character, they have some relative value.

Shortly after leaving school I spent a month in Mexico. A friend of mine named Standage was working in a newly-established American factory about 30 miles east of Orizaba, and he asked me to stay with him for a few days. The place was extremely primitive. A few

scattered shacks for the white workmen, a native village a little distance away, the new factory building (looking strangely out of place in its surroundings), and thick bush or forest all round, with an occasional little clearing where some energetic American or Spaniard had levelled the trees and other growth in the immediate vicinity of his dwelling. In his letter of invitation, Standage had forgotten to mention that at any moment during my stay I might get a bullet in my head. He added this piece of information within a few minutes of my arrival, though it did not seem to strike him as a matter of much moment. This was how he put it :—

"Oh, by the way, see that hut over there? The damned dago who lives in it doesn't like my personal appearance. He's always potting at me through his window. Had two goes this morning. One of these days he'll hit someone by mistake. Don't hang about in one place too long while you're within range or he may mistake you for me."

"But what's he got against you?"

"Nothing. He just thinks he ought to be in my job, that's all."

"But can't you have him arrested?"

"What for? What have I got against him? He'd say he was doing revolver practice, and so he is—with me as target. Besides, he's related or something to the local officer of the law."

"So you won't really have a case against him till he's plugged you?"

"That's about the size of it. And I won't have any proof he did it even then."

"Well, if he pots at me, I'll pot at him," I said.

"By all means. But for heaven's sake don't hurt him! Either kill him or miss him. If you only tickled him up, we'd never hear the end of it."

"Meaning you'd have to clear out?"

"Or become the target of his friends as well as himself."

That same evening the fun started. We were eating canned meat in the only room of Standage's hut when—phut!—a piece of the window-frame missed me by a yard.

"Douse the glim," said Standage, putting a towel round the lamp on the table.

"What about finishing our grub in the corner?" I suggested. "Aren't we a little over-exposed here?"

"Doesn't matter where you are. He can't hit a haystack in a passage. You're safe as a house so long as he *tries* to hit you. I only feel uneasy when he's potting at something else."

"Then he must be potting at something else now," said I; "that last bullet was too close to be comfortable."

But Standage didn't seem to think so, and we went on with our dinner. Also, as it happened, he was right. Three more shots buzzed harmlessly by our shack, at intervals, during the next hour. At the end of which I declared my intention of paying the dago a visit. Standage didn't seem to think it necessary, but I argued that if the brute wasn't taught a lesson he'd end by killing someone.

"Only by accident," said Standage.

I explained that death, whether by accident or design, was still death, and that I personally had no wish to die from either. Standage told me to do what I liked, adding that he was going to bed. This fatalistic manner of treating the situation didn't appeal to me; so I slipped out by the back exit and began a complicated roundabout journey with the dago's cabin as objective. It was pitch dark. I tripped over the roots of trees, fell into holes and bushes, bruised my ankles, scratched my face and hands, and lost my watch. The fireflies confused me—little jets of light leaping out of the darkness in every direction—but I got there at last. The man was fortunately a persistent drunkard, otherwise he couldn't have failed to hear me coming.

The moment I reached the clearing at the back of his

hut, I saw him. He was leaning out of an opening that had been made for a window, his back towards me, and taking careful aim with a long-barrelled revolver at our shack, which was perhaps a hundred yards off. He was grunting like a pig; and from time to time, as I watched him, he moved his arms from one position to another, in order, I presumed, to get a steadier aim and an easier attitude. Each time he moved he grunted forth little ejaculations, and each attitude drew from him a long-drawn sigh of pleasure, until a careful examination of the sights affected his drink-blurred eyes, when he grunted and shifted again.

I watched this performance for some time with considerable interest. The curious thing is that I knew from the start exactly what I was going to do, and that the prospect did not make me in the least nervous. The dago must have been alternately aiming and changing his position, but never once firing, for quite twenty minutes before I crept out from the trees, crossed the clearing, and took up a position by his back door, exactly behind the window-opening through which he was leaning.

Then, taking a revolver from my hip pocket, I stepped into the centre of the doorway, braced myself, covered my antagonist, and let forth a yell that would have wakened the entire settlement if its inhabitants had been sober and asleep. The dago dropped his gun through the window, spun round, and flung his arms skywards —simultaneously. With a coolness that surprised me at the time, and surprises me more when I look back on it, I then solemnly fired four shots to right and left of him. The amazement on his face during this operation was wonderful to behold. He simply didn't know what to make of it; he just gaped. He was standing in exactly the same position, stupefied, when I strolled round to the front of the hut. Here I picked up his revolver, levelled it at his back, and let forth another yell. Again he shot round to face me, and this time I really thought he was going to have a fit. His features worked

convulsively and his colour changed to a sickly white. I felt I had done enough for one evening, so I marched straight back to our shack, his revolver in my possession.

I heard from Standage a couple of weeks later. He was, if not on calling terms, at least living in concord with his neighbour. This incident merely went to prove that I could be plucky enough when I knew what I was up against. But the next incident revealed a less flattering view of my character.

I was staying in a pleasant little hotel at Orizaba and making a number of excursions into the surrounding country, including a frustrated attempt to reach the top of the famous peak which gives the town its name. One day I tried to penetrate a thick bit of jungle country. The going was heavy until I had travelled about a mile, when the undergrowth thinned and at last gave way to clearings and trees. As it was no longer necessary to keep my attention fixed on my progress, my mind began to wander, and for a long time I must have drifted heedlessly. I was conscious only of the pleasant shadows of the trees and of that strange humming and buzzing sound—the whirring, all-pervading insect life of the tropics which affects one's hearing like a chronic aural catarrh.

On and on I wandered, letting my feet take me where they would. And then, quite suddenly, I became fully conscious of my surroundings. I cannot describe the sensation except by saying that it was like waking up, as one sometimes does, in a condition of absolute awareness. I stood still and looked about me to get my bearings. I seemed to be in a dark tunnel of greenery. A broad pathway stretched behind and ahead of me, losing itself in a gloom of green. On either side of it was thick bush. The foliage met above my head, but looking down the tunnel I could see occasional shafts of light where the covering growth parted and let in the sun.

I began to retrace my steps. I walked and walked, but the tunnel seemed endless. Eventually I arrived

at a spot where the path forked. Which should I take? I had utterly lost my sense of direction. I took the right prong and went forward at a pace that made me perspire. Again the pathway forked, and again I kept to the right. I had lost my watch a week or two before in the dago escapade, so I had no idea of the time, but it seemed to be getting darker. Or was it only that the foliage was getting thicker? Yes, that was it, for I now became conscious of the dank, sickly reek of sunless vegetation.

I could feel my heart thumping with the exertion. Would this tunnel never end? It was like a maze. Perhaps I was going round in circles. At the thought I came to a standstill. What if I were just going round and round? Surely there must be some way out. How did I get into it? Where was the sun? I looked up at the green roof above me, but no ray came through it. Where I stood was twilight; it was brighter farther on. I pressed on towards the light, but it seemed to recede. Always it was twilight where I stood and brighter farther on. I stopped again. And this time I strained my ears for the sound of anything human that might direct me. I listened and listened, but no sound penetrated the everlasting hum, the shrill song of the insect world. . . .

With an appalling suddenness I was seized with a feeling of utter isolation. It came upon me while I was listening breathlessly for a human voice, for the bark of a dog, for the sound of anything that could break through the all-enveloping tic-tic-zz-zz of insect life that wrapped me about and drummed and buzzed in my ears. It was not merely a feeling of solitude, of which I am fond. It was as if I were cut off from all human relationship, from the life of my kin and my kind; as if I were surrounded by a blank wall of impenetrable darkness and invisible horror. . . .

For a while I fought against this feeling with all my might. I started off again down the path, but I couldn't shake it off. I hurried, I ran, but it grew upon me. Again I stood still, telling myself aloud that the feeling

was idiotic and meaningless and that if I wanted to escape from this maze I must use my intelligence, not give rein to my imagination. And while I stood there, fighting down my fear, I became aware of a sound, scarcely audible at first, unmistakable at last. It was the sound of something or someone moving in the bush to my right. I faced round and held my breath, staring into the thick growth a few feet from where I stood. The sound was intermittent. It ceased—continued—ceased again—went on again. Was it a man or an animal? A footstep—possibly—but a dragging, uncertain footstep. A rustle of leaves, a snapping of branches, a dull thud as of someone or something falling—then silence—and for me suspense. . . .

My heart was beating unevenly, now loudly, now imperceptibly; there was a kind of prickling about the top of my head; and I noticed that my throat was dry. I tried to call out something in Spanish, but no sound came. I held myself in and tried again. A hollow croak issued from my lungs, which frightened me as much as the silence it broke. Up to now I had been controlling my breath, either stifling it altogether or letting it go in sharp, staccato bursts. Now I could control it no longer, and I realized the terrible strain that had been put upon it by the hoarse, long-drawn, half-sobbing sighs with which it came and went.

How long I stood there choking and gasping I do not know. The dread of the unknown was upon me and the limit of my endurance was almost reached. A crash in the undergrowth not twenty yards away shook me through and through and left me quivering. Sheer panic gripped me. I turned and ran, ran, ran, not knowing why, not knowing where, conscious only of some immense and elemental terror at my heels.

I was found the next morning by a peon, blistered, bruised, bloody, insensible, crumpled up at the foot of a tree that had probably cut short my wild escape from my own imagination.

Ten years separated the incidents I have just described from those which follow. The war was raging, and early in 1918 I found myself in Persia. The town of Hamadan had just been occupied by British troops, and there was a certain amount of looting in the bazaars. We had to police the place as best we could, though our force was too small to do the thing properly; also we were trying to keep on good terms with the remnant of Cossack troops still left in Persia, and they were the chief offenders against the townsmen.

Late one afternoon I was passing, with my sergeant, through a narrow roadway leading from one bazaar to another. A fierce wind was blowing, and not even the high walls and houses on either side of us could keep it out. But through the racket of wind, falling masonry and the squelch of our gum-boots, I heard a scream that ended abruptly as if choked down with violence. We halted for a moment to listen. As we did so a door was flung open a few yards behind us, and a man, dressed in a long black garment, dashed into the roadway. He saw us at once, covered the distance between us in a bound, flung himself at my feet, clasped my hand, and let forth a stream of supplications that might have been spoken in Sanskrit for all the use they were to me as a means of communication. However, after exhausting his breath, he dragged me frantically towards the door, and, realizing that I was not merely being invited to a cup of tea, I got my revolver ready, telling my sergeant to do the same.

The moment we were through the door the gentleman in black got behind me and pushed me forward. In this manner we crossed a small courtyard and went up a flight of stone steps, at the top of which he tugged vigorously at my sleeve and pointed to a door on the right. I tried to open it, but something had been propped against it within. My sergeant, who was a burly fellow, put his shoulder to the door and forced an opening wide enough to admit one person. He was about to squeeze himself

through when I, perceiving that this was the moment for heroism, ordered him to stand aside and let me through first. I did not feel particularly heroic, but I did feel that I ought to feel heroic, which had the same effect.

The scene in the room was admirably set for one of the more stirring moments in a Stanley Weyman romance, and was quite in keeping with all the best traditions of knight errantry. A girl was struggling on a bed in the arms of a wiry Cossack. I had him at a serious disadvantage and could easily have dealt with him according to the rules of civilized warfare had it not been for the fact that a tall friend of his was standing behind the bed and taking careful aim at me with a short murderous-looking rifle. My first action was discreet if not valorous. I sidestepped and ducked. The explosion that followed my manœuvre brought down most of the plaster on the wall behind me and filled the room with dust and smoke, rendering everything invisible. My sergeant, who had managed to get through the doorway in time to receive a good portion of the plaster on his head, shouted :—

"Hands up!"

But as we couldn't see the two men, let alone their hands, and as it was doubtful whether they could understand the order without a clear view of the hostile action accompanying it, he might have saved his breath. Something humorous in the situation made me start laughing, and I did a thing that my sergeant afterwards told me was "just asking for it." When the figures of the two men were again visible—they were both standing behind the bed now and covering us with their rifles—I strolled across the room, in spite of their guttural warnings, and addressing them in the best French I could muster up for the occasion, said :—

"Gentlemen, this scene is slightly ridiculous. Let us part amicably. Good-day."

To prove my words I put my revolver away. They muttered together for several seconds; then one of them pointed to the sergeant and asked in execrable French

whether he, too, was peacefully disposed towards them. I replied that he was and in the same breath told him to follow my example. The disappearance of the sergeant's revolver was followed by more mutterings among the Russians. But after a while they lowered their rifles and, watching carefully for signs of treachery on our part, sidled out of the room.

It had been a tense situation, and though my sergeant was not pleased with the way I had handled it, I was thankful it had passed off so well. The Cossacks had helped us (or, as some said, hindered us) in Mesopotamia, and as we needed their services in Trans-Caucasia it was vitally important to maintain the past friendly relationship. The least hitch at that moment might have been fatal to our plans for the capture of Baku. Also our timely arrival had obviously saved the girl from violation. Had we been ten minutes later, these political considerations might have given way to a more human view of their conduct.

The gentleman in black now came forward and thanked me in fluent French for saving his daughter. He begged me to take a wad of notes, but I explained that British officers never took presents for the performance of their duties. Thereupon he offered the notes to my sergeant, but the latter refused them with a silent dignity that put my explanation to shame. We bade him farewell and advised him to keep his front door bolted until the last Cossack had left Hamadan.

Two days later, on returning to my billet, I found a small Persian bowl of old brass, exquisitely wrought, on the box that did service for a table at the head of my bed. On a strip of paper beneath it were these words :—

" A Monsieur l'officier qui a sauvé ma fille."

It is before me as I write.

The last incident I wish to relate also happened in Persia, before the country was occupied by British troops. I had been sent on special duty to Hamadan, where I witnessed the stoning of the women described

in my book of war stories, " Iron Rations." On my way back to Iraq I had to stop at Kermanshah to get some repairs done to my car. The consul warned me that soldiers were not popular in those parts, the Cossacks and Turks having already overrun the country and laid it waste, and the inhabitants of the cities were not likely to distinguish between a respectable British officer and a villainous Russian marauder. He therefore advised me that, since it was my intention to go nosing round the bazaars, I should be accompanied and fully armed against emergencies. He also declared that he could not be held responsible for my safety if I chose to take the risk.

I followed his advice, asked an Australian fellow who was doing wireless work up there to show me round, and saw that my revolver was loaded. We had hardly entered one end of the bazaar when a boy came running with a note for my companion, who had to return to his billet at once and send off an important message. Before leaving me he gave me a rough sketch of the main bazaar, so that I should not utterly lose my bearings, and advised me to " keep moving " as though on business bent. " If you loiter you'll get hustled," he said, " and that'll end in a rough house."

Off I started down the dark and dusty lane, with shops on either side of me and a roof of wooden beams above, which the Persians call *bazar*. The crowd was considerable and multi-coloured. But it was not like the cosmopolitan crowd I had seen in the Bagdad bazaars, where Jews are in the ascendancy. It was a fierce crowd, a crowd of warriors, a lethal crowd. There were, of course, specimens of the typical bazaar lounger, pale-faced, clean-shaven, clothed in linen or silk; but for the most part the men were sunburnt, hairy, tall, muscular, their teeth gleaming between dark moustaches and beards, their bodies taut and upright, their clothes held in by girdles, from which depended a miscellaneous display of death-doing instruments. It seemed as if a

horde of Huns had descended upon the place and the normal inhabitants had temporarily absented themselves.

Very soon I became conscious of unfriendly attention. But I remembered the Australian's warning and kept on my way without appearing to notice it. I returned their hostile stares with the expressionless face of an officer on parade. Several times I collided with a warrior who had clearly gone out of his way to get into my way. The warrior growled, but I marched on as if nothing had occurred. Once a giant of a fellow, with an enormous blue beard and several gaps in his front teeth, stood clean in my path, asking for trouble. I politely circumvented him. Then a gang of ruffians, six strong, came swinging down the centre of the bazaar, elbow to elbow. When they saw me stepping to one side, they changed direction ever so slightly and compelled me to take refuge between a couple of stalls. I strolled on unconcernedly behind several more, as though inspecting the wares from a different angle, and came out into the lane beyond the bellicose six, who had stopped at the entrance into which they had forced me.

Gradually I became aware of a curious fact. I passed several groups that seemed familiar. I had seen these faces, or their exact replicas, already. Where? That man with an orange burnous—I remembered the fantastic black pattern on it and the peculiar cut of his beard—where had I seen him before? Quite recently, I was certain. And that fellow with six enormous pistols stuck into a blue bandoleer; and that other with the straggling moustaches and pock-marked face; and—yes, I'd swear to that Goliath with a blue beard, because he had tried to impede me only a few minutes before. What was the game? How came it that I was passing and repassing the same people? I had turned neither right nor left.

I began to think rapidly. Obviously they had doubled back up some side passage and come out again into the main bazaar in front of me. But why? That question

was never answered, because several strange things began to happen. First I noticed that some of the groups I now met, and recognized, were not strolling past me. I was passing them, but they were lingering; and a glance over my shoulder assured me that they were closing up behind and following me. Awkward. I increased my pace but had sufficient presence of mind not to quicken it. Then another thing happened. I came to a spot where the main passage was crossed by a lane forming a lesser, though still considerable, bazaar. My Australian acquaintance had told me of this and advised me to go straight on until the main bazaar opened on to the Town Square, close to the consul's residence. But here I was in a quandary, for the chief passage, beyond the lane which crossed it, was completely blocked by a crowd that might almost have collected there on purpose to prevent my progress along it.

What followed was so strange that I could no longer doubt it had all been arranged with that electric word-speed for which oriental bazaars are so famous. I went straight at that crowd, started to elbow my way into it, got clean through it, and then—found myself walking down the lane I had just crossed in order to penetrate it. It had been engineered very cleverly. In some way the crowd had managed to alter my direction without my being conscious of it.

I now knew that I was really in danger. If I wished to escape with my life I must use my wits, not my weapon. I wasn't frightened so much as angry. I had been made a fool of. I had been outwitted by a set of people who, in my heart, I rather despised. (One cannot be in the East for long without developing a superiority complex.) I marched down the lane biting my lip so hard that the blood came.

The lane, as I have said, was still a bazaar, though narrower and much dirtier than the other. There were muddy puddles here and there, as the covering was far from rainproof, and I splashed my way along with less

dignity that I should have liked to display. Once I almost fell, and, while recovering my balance, noticed that the crowd behind me was dense, impenetrable. It was also right at my heels and bodefully silent. What would they do if I stood still? Should I try it? It was silly to go any further, for I hadn't the least notion where I was going. Besides, the mere fact that they had got me down here scarcely promised well for my safety. There had been many murders of our soldiers in these eastern slums and the murderers were never traced. My situation was desperate. I must do something at once, anything rather than walk on and on into a certain trap. I came to this decision just opposite a sweet-vendor's shop. I stopped and inspected the sticky substances that were set out in oily pots and dusty dishes. The owner sat on his legs, which were crossed beneath him, and eyed me pensively. I threw a casual glance to my rear and discovered that the crowd had formed itself into a semicircle behind me, and I was now hemmed in on all sides. Every eye was upon me and the silence was more than a little disquieting; for, as a rule, there is a perpetual din, an endless jabber-jabber, in the bazaars.

As I stooped over the counter and chose some Turkish Delight my brain was working feverishly. It would take many pages to describe the thoughts that flashed through my mind in those few seconds. By the time I had given my order for a small quantity of the Delight my mind was in a whirl. I could not think coherently. The silence was oppressive and I could feel all those eyes at the back of my head. At last I could bear it no longer. I wheeled round and faced the mob. My eye fell immediately on one man in the centre, exactly opposite me. He was grinning—a hideous, satanic grin. His beard was stained blue and he had three gaps in his front top teeth. I had noticed them before, when he stood in my way, but I could count them now. There he was, framed, as it seemed to me, in a network of eyes. I was only conscious of him, his teeth, and, all around him, eyes. Malevolent eyes,

inscrutable eyes, cavernous eyes. Nothing but eyes—and the gaps in his teeth. . . .

I cannot say how long I stood there facing them. It seemed an age. It may have been an hour. It was probably ten seconds. As I looked, half-mesmerized, at the bearded man's teeth, the three gaps seemed to take on life. They seemed to be looking at me. No longer were they gaps in a row of teeth, but eyes. Then something within me snapped. The sense of solitude that had been creeping over me all through those mortal minutes became acute. My courage ebbed from me; I felt frightened, like a lost child; I began to look about me, wild-eyed, to right, to left; the sweat broke out on my brow, and there was a feeling of blind terror at my heart.

With a mad desire for escape surging through me, I swung round to the shop, ducked under the counter, flung myself at the door behind the squatting vendor, and fell down a short flight of steps beyond it into an open yard. I was scarcely in a condition to feel surprise at not finding myself in a house. I was up and off down the yard towards an opening at the far end before the mob had given tongue. Then, just as I shot into the alley leading from the yard, I heard it; a sudden burst of voices, rising to a roar. Down that alley I went like a rocket. It curved and turned and was crossed by others, but I kept frantically on.

Taking one corner, I barged straight into a man who was balancing a tray of cakes on his head. Over he went and the cakes with him. He tried to clutch me, but I must have kicked him on the funny bone because he let go with a yell of pain. Another fellow saw me coming from a distance and stood in the centre of the way with his arms extended. I had no time to waste. Dragging my revolver from its case I fired above him. He let out a piercing scream and vanished through a doorway. A third, more tenacious than the others, grabbed at me as I passed him and got me down. I saw the glint of a knife and knew that argument would be useless. He

took my shot in a sensitive place and I left him howling.

By this time my panic had subsided and I was just beginning to wonder whether I was not, in a way, enjoying myself when I heard the ominous pattering of many feet behind me. I must have been slackening down. No; I was certainly not enjoying myself; because with the increased effort came an agonizing stitch. This was serious. It would have been fatal, but at that moment the alley widened, then ended abruptly, and I found myself after a minute's hard running in front of the Bank of Persia.

I hadn't my cheque book on me, but I went in all the same.

Public School Religion

By Arnold Lunn

THE present writer has recently edited a symposium entitled, "Public School Religion" (Faber & Faber). In my opening essay I contended that public school religion is utterly ineffective. Boys leave school knowing next to nothing of the history of the Church or of the rational arguments by which Christianity can be defended, with the result that only a negligible proportion of old public school boys still continue to practise their religion.

The distinguished contributors, who include the Bishop of Bradford and the head masters of Eton, Westminster and the Leys School, did not, with one exception, seem disposed to quarrel very violently with my main thesis. Most of them, and notably the Bishop of Bradford, seemed far from sanguine about the future.

The situation, so far as I can see, has altered very radically for the worse since I left Harrow twenty-five years ago. When I was at school no master would have dared openly to attack the central doctrines of Christianity before his pupils, though no doubt the majority of masters, then as now, could not have repeated the Nicene Creed with any conviction. To-day a visitor to a public school who is rash enough to defend historic Christianity by the traditional appeal to reason and historic evidence produces much the same sensation at a school society as an atheist would have produced in the 'sixties of the last century. Such, at least, has been my experience—an experience which has been acquired in schools of ancient foundation and great reputation. Let me briefly describe those experiences.

I was recently invited to address a society which meets every week at one of the greatest of our public schools. It consists mainly of boys and partly of masters. There were present about half a dozen masters and some twenty boys. None of the masters, with the exception of one who was a clergyman, showed the least familiarity

with the routine defence of Christianity. Some of the questions were astonishingly naive. Thus, in reply to my challenge to name any doctrine of the Church which was at variance with any proven result of science a master who was present remarked, "What about the Resurrection?" I made the obvious rejoinder that we did not owe to modern science our knowledge of the fact that a dead body usually stayed in a grave once it was put there. Science was concerned with natural law, but science did not disprove the possibility that God might override natural law. "Oh, if you're going to drag in an omnipotent God . . ." replied my questioner with the injured air of a man who has detected one of his friends in sharp practice.

One of the masters, a clergyman, said: "I don't suppose that many of you boys say your prayers. I don't always say my own. I used to believe that being a Christian made an enormous difference to character, but I was considerably shaken in any belief in the use or value of definite Christian teaching by the fact that one of the best boys I ever had in my house had no use for Christianity. And yet I've never known a better boy."

A year later I addressed the same society, taking for my theme public school religion. My friend the chaplain was present. Let me call him Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith might be described as a Modernist *maigrè lui*. He is not foolish enough to suppose that Modernism will produce a religious revival; indeed he is depressed by the failure of public school religion and by the present condition of Anglicanism as a whole. He is a man of great intellectual integrity, and he is a Modernist merely because he cannot accept, and not because he wishes to reject, certain doctrines. He is a great success as a housemaster, a genius in dealing with the problems of adolescence and an enthusiastic supporter of the application of Christian ethics to national and international problems.

He began by making one very good point. "You say that apologetics are not taught. Perhaps they're not as a

school subject, but if they were would boys absorb them? Please ask any of these boys present whether they know the classic arguments for the Resurrection." I put the question. Result, a stony silence. "Exactly what I thought," he went on. Now, that boy over there is in my house. Last term I prepared him for confirmation and pumped into him the very arguments for the Resurrection which you have mentioned. And you see the effect."

Mr. Smith conceded that things were very bad. "I get letter after letter from old boys who have gone to the 'Varsity' asking me what is the point of anything. The younger generation have lost their anchors, and many of them are very unhappy. And the trouble is that boys are not interested in Christianity. They just say, 'What is the point of religion?' I spend an enormous amount of energy trying to get my boys to go to communion, but I believe fewer go from my house than from any other."

"But why on earth should they go to communion?" I asked. "Why should any reasonable boy get out of bed an hour earlier than is necessary in order to commemorate a meal eaten by a Jew who some nineteen hundred years ago was crucified dead and who remained firmly buried? You tell me that the evidence for the Resurrection is so conflicting that nothing can be built on it with any certainty. But the authority for the sacraments is no greater than the authority for the Resurrection. Why commemorate Christ's last supper any more than Socrates's last meal with his friends?"

It is not only the Christian creed which has been eroded by Modernism, but the Christian code which evokes uneasy doubts among many who still profess and call themselves Christians. The Broad Churchmen and the agnostics of the 'seventies were both agreed in their enthusiastic acceptance of the Christian moral code. "Get rid of the miracles," said Rousseau, "and the whole world will fall at the feet of Jesus." But the world which rejects the miracles has long ceased to accept Jesus Christ as the final authority on ethics.

At the same meeting a master quoted Christ's remark, "Her sins are forgiven because she loved much," in support of his view that Christ was more benign than the old-fashioned Christians believe in his attitude to sexual weakness.

"What is your view?" I asked the Rev. E. Smith. "Let's get down to fundamentals. Is it, or is it not, a good thing for Miss B to sleep with Mr. A?" "It all depends on the girl," replied Mr. Smith.

I thought this reply so remarkable that I wrote and asked him if it represented his considered opinion. In reply he wrote, "I still think it depends on the girl and the nature of the affair . . . I dunno—we are all in a sad mess."

Mr. Smith was certainly consistent. The Christian sexual code does not consist of a series of moral truisms which carry their own proof. On the contrary, the Christian sex code is highly vulnerable to attack. A strong case can be made out against chastity before marriage or against fidelity after marriage.

The Christian accepts the Christian code on the authority of Jesus Christ, whom he believes to be God. If Jesus was, as the Modernists believe, little more than an exceptionally spiritual Jew why should we concern ourselves with his views on sex? If we reject, as most modern Protestants do reject, Christ's insistent warnings on the subject of eternal punishment, why should we not equally reject his views on sex? There are far more references to hell than to chastity in the Gospels. A Protestant who holds himself free to pick and choose among the reported sayings of Christ, selecting some and rejecting others, cannot consistently blame my friend Mr. Smith for rejecting the more austere tenets of the Christian moral code.

I was attacked at this same meeting for my insistence on the importance of doctrine. Much was said about the contrast between doctrinal and practical Christianity. The modern world forgets that the greatest exponents of

practical Christianity have been the Christians who held most firmly to the central doctrines of their faith. I, for one, do not believe that the Christian ethics will long survive the Christian creed.

As the meeting broke up, one of the boys gave a cry of distress: "One exponent of practical Christianity has pinched my brolly!" I am afraid that the Rev. E. Smith, who is always absent-minded, was the criminal in question.

A few weeks later I addressed the Literary Society at another famous school. As the only clergyman present did not speak, my position was not as desperate as it might have been. Even so, I was soon made to feel hopelessly old-fashioned in my defence of orthodox Christianity. When I referred to the alleged miracles at Lourdes, a science master who was present did not know where to look in his confusion. This sort of thing was positively indecent, and before the boys too. When he recovered his composure he began to explain with great eloquence that it was an insult to the Creator to suggest that He should manifest Himself by miracles at a small, local shrine. I vaguely gathered that a miracle could only be tolerated if it took place before the Royal Society, and, if it were performed, after God had been introduced to the fellows present in a few well-chosen words by the president.

I pointed out mildly that there was some evidence for the fact that God had on one occasion manifested himself in a manger, and that it seemed to me more scientific to examine the available evidence for miracles, and to base one's conclusions on that evidence, rather than to handicap oneself at the outside with certain *a priori* views as to how God ought to behave. Another master then took up the tale and spoke at some length in support of the view that it was unworthy to relegate Jesus Christ to the position of a conjurer, and that it was much nicer and more edifying to think of him as a very good man.

I had never expected much support from those present at one of these literary societies, but when I was asked to

give a talk to a Bible society, which meets weekly at another famous school to read the Bible and to pray, I was sanguine enough to hope that I might discover a few allies who would be prepared to support historic Christianity. And, indeed, things went very well until a master who was in orders appeared. I knew then, of course, that my cause was lost. I had been discussing the relation of reason to religion, and the Rev. J. Jones, as I will call him, began by putting reason and me firmly in our proper places. Reason was only one part of the religious life; it was ridiculous to suppose that one could prove the Resurrection by reason; there were far too many discrepancies in the documents, etc., etc.

I was also reproved for my rash suggestion that Jesus Christ believed Himself to be God. Christ, explained the Rev. J. Jones, was an exceptionally spiritual Jew. Christ is the Jewish name for the Messiah, and this word does not mean God.

This view found general approval. "I was interested in your talk," wrote one of the boys who was present, "but there is one point on which I disagreed with you, when you said that Jesus was God. As Mr. Jones said . . ."

One point!!!

Two or three of the other boys who were present reacted violently against my suggestion that a Christian should be prepared to defend his faith by the appeal to reason. Nobody, I was told, is ever converted by reason. This, of course, is simply untrue. People have been converted by reasoned arguments, notably some of the first converts to Christianity. Many of those who have lost their faith would have retained it had they been taught at school or elsewhere the reasoned answers to the more common criticisms of Christianity.

It is a council of despair to appeal, as so many modern Protestants do, to experience as a substitute for reasoned argument. Religious experience is incommunicable. Moreover, how can one discriminate between the religious

experiences associated with Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Christian Science, Catholicism or Protestantism, excepting by the appeal to reason? Religion must appeal not to subjective emotions but to objective standards, and no religion which refuses this appeal can hope to survive.

My own views as to the present collapse of public school religion are not only based on the startling experiences described above but also on long talks which I have had with boys who have just left school. My experience may be limited and the generalizations made from that experience may be too sweeping, but I can find no evidence in the remarks made by the other contributors to "Public School Religion" to lead me to suppose that my own tentative conclusions are wide of the mark. Those conclusions may be summarized as follows:—

Most schoolmasters have ceased to be Christians in any intelligible sense of the term, and, as the preparation for confirmation is normally entrusted to housemasters, it is not in the least surprising that the average boy leaves school a nominal Christian or a frank agnostic.

Those schoolmasters who have taken orders seem, with few exceptions, unprepared to defend the central doctrines of Christianity by the appeal to reason. "The real weakness," as the Bishop of Bradford remarks in his most interesting contribution to "Public School Religion," "lies in the fact that a vague liberal Protestantism, varying in latter days to a woolly Modernism, has been for so long the religious atmosphere of so many of the educated members of the Church of England." As a result, upper class England, recruited from the public schools, has ceased to be Christian in belief and is rapidly ceasing to be Christian in sentiment.

I do not wish to belittle what is being done to stop the rot. Mr. Gibson in his contribution describes an interesting experiment at Charterhouse to educate boys in Church history and Christian apologetics. Something of the same sort is, I believe, being done at other schools, but, as the Bishop of Bradford remarks, these spirited

reformers " have an immense weight of popular inertia to overcome before the present conditions can be seriously modified."

That the failure of public school religion in Anglican schools is due to the way in which Christianity is presented, rather than to an integral weakness in the case for Christianity, is shown by the conclusion which emerges from Mr. Hollis's contribution to " Public School Religion." Mr. Hollis, an old Etonian and a convert to Roman Catholicism, is a master at Stonyhurst. I should be surprised if more than ten per cent. of Old Harrovians could be described as regular church-goers. Mr. Hollis claims, and from all that I can hear rightly claims, that between eighty and ninety per cent. of old Stonyhurst boys fulfil the obligations of their religion. In other words, the number of Catholics who " lapse " after leaving public school is about the same as the number of Anglicans who continue to practise their religion after leaving Anglican public schools.

The essential difference between the Anglican and the Roman Catholic boy is that the Anglican is on the defensive. If he is religious the Anglican is often shy of letting it be known that he takes his religion seriously. He does not like to be branded as " pi." Again, he is often intimidated by the anti-Christian environment in which he lives. He vaguely feels that the modern intelligentsia are frightfully clever, and that it is impossible to defend Christianity by reason against their attacks. Consequently he is tempted to take refuge in the appeal to religious experience.

The Roman Catholic, on the other hand, is tremendously proud of his religion, and has a very genuine contempt for the intelligentsia. He is convinced that Catholic philosophy has an intellectual quality and integrity which is completely lacking from modern substitutes for the faith. " The ordinary boy at a Catholic school," writes Mr. Hollis, " is almost without exception enormously grateful for the good fortune

which has given him a Catholic upbringing. He is intensely proud of his religion." Could the same be said of the ordinary boy at Eton or Harrow?

Those who still defend the complete failure of Anglican public schools to teach Church history or Christian apologetics sometimes contend that boys will only be "put off" Christianity if Christianity is made a school subject. Those who hold this view should be asked to explain the curious fact that the products of Catholic schools, where Church history and apologetics are taught, continue to go to church, while the average product of Eton or Harrow drops his religion when he leaves school. Mr. Hollis describes in detail the systematic way in which apologetics are taught at Stonyhurst. On this subject Mr. Hollis writes as follows: "Again, about two-thirds of the upper boys belong to the voluntary Catholic Evidence Guild. The purpose of the Catholic Evidence Guild is to train speakers to defend the Catholic faith in public speeches, and boys from the school do speak under its auspices both during the summer term at neighbouring towns and during the holidays. But, in order to qualify themselves to speak, they have first to join a group or class presided over by a master, there to learn their subject and to pass a test in it. These groups go on throughout the whole school year during time which would otherwise be free, and side by side with the compulsory religious doctrine."

It may be true that the ineffectiveness of public school religion is merely a symptom of a more general malady—the increasing ineffectiveness of Protestantism as a whole. It may be foolish to expect any revival in Anglican schools until Anglicans have set their own house in order and have recovered the necessary authority to purge the Church of England of those elements which, if triumphant, will render Anglicanism as dead Continental Protestantism. It is indeed an alarming fact that priests of the Church of England should be permitted openly to deny the Resurrection and the deity of Christ

while continuing to draw stipends from a Church which still professes in its Creeds to hold the Catholic faith. Those who wish to be reassured will find in the contribution of the head master of Westminster an easy optimism which may soothe their disquiet; but those who wish to remedy a deplorable situation will be impressed by the candour with which the Bishop of Bradford faces the situation and will agree with him that the "one thing that those who care for the future of Christianity in England, and of the Church of England particularly, have no right to do is, in Jeremiah's words, 'to heal the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly by saying "peace" where there is no peace,' or to accept the easy optimism of conventional defenders of the public school system."

Let Building Societies Build!

By Sir Leo Chiozza Money

WHEN I was in Italy in 1926, I was greatly struck with the work of the Italian building societies. I found, to my delight, that these institutions are not, as with us, confined by statute to the function of lending money upon mortgage, but are actually societies that build. Indeed, why should an institution called a Building Society *not* build? If we think it good that a building society should solely conduct what is purely a money-lending business, why not call it a mortgage society, or a house-loan society? This, I hasten to add, is not to dispraise the great work in honest money-lending which has been done by our building societies as they are; it is to deplore the limitation placed upon their usefulness by the law as it stands.

Building for the masses of the Italian cities has been actively fostered by a long series of enactments, especially since the war. Each Italian town has its Institute for Housing the People (*Istituto per le Case Popolari*). These bodies are set up under statute and are allied to the municipalities, which nominate most of the members of their boards of control. The institutions, although under financial surveillance, have independence and initiative.

Side by side with these institutions, the law provides for the formation of co-operative building societies, and a very large number of these have been established.

The founders of such a building society (*Societa Cooperative per la Costruzione di Case Popolari*) obtain legal sanction to work by adopting a statutory set of rules. Their finances are under control; in the practical work of building, however, they possess and freely exercise initiative. In finance, they are aided by very cheap money advanced to them at 2 or 3 per cent. for fifty-year periods, the State making itself responsible for the remainder of the interest. The money so employed is advanced to the societies under State authority by the National Bank of Social Insurance and the Deposit and

Loan banks. This is very important. By this method the savings of the people themselves are in effect used, under statutory safeguards, for a great and important popular purpose. Relating this to our own case, it is as though the British Government, under proper safeguards, authorized the Post Office and other savings banks, and the Health Insurance authority, to advance their money to popular building societies for housing purposes. It should be added that these Italian co-operative societies also borrow money from private persons and firms.

The Italian system enables a group of persons possessing a common interest, such as civil servants, or railway servants, or journalists, or teachers, to form themselves into a co-operative building society and to build houses to suit their own requirements. Surely this is a very excellent and important idea. I myself inspected a number of the results of this plan, and can testify that they are excellent. Let us think how it works. A group of, let us say, railway servants decides to form a co-operative building society. It obtains the necessary forms, agrees to obey the statutes, and is duly established. It then has the power to choose its own architect, to build with very cheap money, and after having built, to repay what it has borrowed by periodical instalments of capital and interest. Thus the Italian building society offers its members much more than the advantages of the British building society. It obtains very cheap money to work with; it can build for itself instead of being dependent on speculative builders; the members repay their debt by instalments which are very small because of the cheap borrowing and absence of waste.

I have also to testify that there is only too striking a contrast between the quality of popular building in Italy and in England. Here, speculative building has been for long a by-word; we coined for it the expressive term "jerry-building." Since the war, the great rise in the price of materials and labour has provided a fresh incentive to use poor and substitutionary materials and

to save the labour bill by scamping work. I have myself examined a number of incredibly bad examples of popular building as understood by the British speculative builder. In one case, the window frames of the houses had not been built in, but had been roughly fastened to the brick openings by nails, the marginal gaps being afterwards plugged with cement! I was informed by the lady on whose behalf I inspected one of these houses that it was to be obtained from the builder by arrangement with a building society. I wonder who bought it!

This, doubtless, was an extreme case, but I could give many other instances which make me very sorry for some of the poor people who have contracted to pay for rubbish houses by instalments payable during fifteen or twenty years. This form of industrial imposition is particularly cruel because it is practised upon ill-informed thrifty people in search of a home; it is too often matched by the rubbish furniture, also bought on the hire-system, which is now manufactured in such enormous quantities.

It is right to add that the leading building societies have strengthened their surveying staffs and are refusing to lend money upon rubbish houses.

By way of contrast, I found that the Italian popular building is of the highest class. The well-designed flats are built around ample courtyards, so that every room gets light and air, while the *cortile* itself is turned into a charming playground for the children. The interior walls are rendered soundproof by the use of special blocks. The joinery and masonry are as good as, or even better than, what is employed here for high-priced dwellings. At Rome and Milan some of the popular building societies are deserting the flat idea and forming garden cities. Thus the Village of the Field of Flowers at Milan is beautifully planned, with over three hundred "one-family" or "two-family" villas.

Let us consider, in large, the great work of our own building societies. The report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies for 1932, Part 5, shows that in 1931 the

number of building societies in Great Britain was no less than 1,013, with aggregate assets of over £419,000,000. This means that since the war the societies have gone ahead by leaps and bounds, for in 1913 the assets of the building societies were £65,000,000, and in 1919 £77,000,000. The nature of their recent progress may further be gauged by the fact that the increase in assets in 1931 as compared with the previous year was £48,000,000. The number of borrowers has risen so rapidly that whereas in 1928 it was 553,884, in 1931 it was 802,534. These figures help us to realize what a considerable part building societies are playing in our society, and how great is their responsibility. In 1931 the number of new mortgages to building societies was no less than 161,946, representing new aggregate advances to borrowers of over £90,000,000. Nearly the whole of the scheduled mortgages are for small amounts. All the building societies taken together have the relatively small amount of £11,000,000 advanced upon mortgages of over £5,000 each. Nearly the whole of the transactions are concerned with little homes, dear to their possessors. Although 1931 was a year of bad trade and unemployment, the properties in possession represented the relatively trifling sum of £307,000, and the mortgages in arrears no more than £431,000. It is a wonderful record, but let us not forget that since the war people have been driven to *buy* because they could not *rent*.

Under our law as it stands, a building society is an institution established to raise a subscription fund by advances from which its members are enabled to build or purchase dwellings, or to purchase land, the advances being secured to the society by mortgage of the property so built or purchased. The societies work under certificates of incorporation granted by the Registrar of Friendly Societies only upon the framing of rules strictly in accordance with the Building Societies Acts. Such duly incorporated societies have power, under the statutes, to hold land and houses, to foreclose on

mortgages, to raise funds by the issue of shares, and to grant loans. They have, however, no statutory power to build houses for their members, although they can and do build offices for themselves.

The fact that building societies are empowered to invest in property led me to wonder whether a coach-and-four could not happily be driven through the Acts by interpreting investment to cover the actual building or creation of an investment, but I am assured on the best authority that it has always been the accepted view of the legal advisers of building societies that they may not build anything save and except offices for their own business accommodation!

Everyone knows, or should be ashamed not to know, that a very large proportion of the dwelling-houses of our people are disgracefully inadequate, and injurious to the lives and health of their inhabitants. We are now busily adding new slums to the old, the additions being more rapid than the deductions by direct attack. The conditions which recently moved Sir Austen Chamberlain so warmly to remonstrate with the National Government upon its paltry contribution to the slum problem are common in all our great cities.

I have spoken of new slums. Is it realized that, in some districts, rows of newly-erected speculative villas, designed "compactly" to give poor accommodation to a small family, are being turned into slummy quarters in which two families are herded into a few small rooms?

In the circumstances of our time, with millions of new houses needed and some 500,000 men of the building and building-supply trades out of work, why should not our building societies be legally empowered to make an even greater contribution to the housing problem? Why not let building societies *build*, under proper and easily devised safeguards? Surely this question may well be asked when we know that a number of the leading societies have been recently advertising at great expense for new business. I have before me very costly building

society advertisements, published in daily newspapers of great circulation, urging the public to take advantage of the large funds which are available, and pointing out that the societies are able to lend not only to people seeking homes, but to existing property-owners. Building societies building for themselves would be enabled to offer the small home-maker not merely a loan to enable him to buy a speculatively-built house on the hire-purchase principle, but a well-designed, well-built house, the good quality of which would enable the society to advance a very large percentage of its cost to the borrower.

I place the quality of building very high, indeed, in the advantages of the proposal I make. Really cheap housing can only be secured by first-class building. Good planning and design mean as much to a house considered as a building society asset as to the housewife who has to manage a home. The societies, able to command cheap money and good architecture, could furnish their members with houses incomparably better than they now obtain. The speculative builder has to pay through the nose for his "finance." The heavy costs of the society survey fees, now so abundantly necessary, would disappear. There would also be an end of the advertising for business by societies having unemployed funds.

The change in the law here suggested would not, of course, prevent building societies in carrying on their existing business of honest money-lending. It would, however, enable these admirable institutions to create assets of the best possible character and thus to serve their members in the best possible way. The new building society, entitled to build, might well become an instrument capable in large degree of solving the housing problem. To me, I confess, it seems unnecessarily to curb enterprise and endeavour when we allow building societies to exist only upon condition that they do not build.

A Soldier on War and Peace

By Leonard Barnes

WE are all pacifists to-day. All and sundry, whether they are acquainted with war intimately, or only casually, or whether they are complete strangers to it, imagine themselves licensed to move round publicly calling it by the vilest names. Famous and well-considered thinkers have lent themselves to the slander. "We all think of Peace as a thing lovely and desirable, and of war as something terrible and disastrous, wasteful and irrational." So H. G. Wells; and the accompanying roars of applause come not only from Gilbert Murray and Robert Cecil, but also from Lloyd George and Austen Chamberlain. Even Winston Churchill, Bellona's natural child, thrice denies his parentage before the cock crows twice.

This is all very well in its way. The temper of disgust with war is politically and socially useful in the present circumstances of the world, and no one wants to displace it—yet. It is abundantly obvious that civilization is both medically unfit and economically unprovided for further war service. What is popularly called Peace is certainly its prime need for many years to come. But it is one thing to admit this; quite another to accept a belief that war has never meant and never will or can ever mean anything but damage to mankind. War may have been overdone in human history, upon the whole. But it has many times proved itself an indispensable instrument of civilization, and he would be a bold man who would seek to maintain that the greatest fullness of life has belonged to the most peaceful nations. Pallas, guardian of Athens, had the double title of goddess of war and of civil life; the same symbolism is applicable to the great nation-States of to-day.

It is perhaps possible to contend that man will one day reach a level of conscious life where civilization may maintain itself and develop without the aid of war. The enthusiasts among us to-day who are bending all their

efforts to raising their fellows to that level deserve our gratitude, our respect, and our co-operation. But in the interests of intellectual sincerity it is needful to weigh more carefully than is commonly done many of the judgments as to the relative values of war and peace that are fashionable in these days. Should we not bear in mind, for instance, that a mere eighteen years ago there was a tremendous popular conviction, almost mystic in its intensity, that war was the means of raising nation and individual alike to heights of ardent manhood never before reached? That conviction was probably at least as widely and as strongly held then as is the conviction to-day that war is a baneful disaster and peace alone the thing lovely and desirable. Indeed, many people who are now the loudest champions of the second were then the loudest champions of the first. This fact alone should suffice to put us on our guard against assuming that popular thought has reached ultimate truth by so blatant a *volte-face*. If we were so terribly wrong in 1914, common caution should make us hesitate to believe ourselves so terribly right in 1932. The mere violence of the reaction suggests that truth is most likely to lie somewhere between the opposite extremes.

The very cultural unity of Europe, that complex growth called western civilization, which many of us proudly, if naïvely, suppose to be the highest achievement of the human race—was it not born on the battlefield, and has not war formed an essential part of its spiritual diet ever since? It may be objected that the many wars by whose means that civilization has been established and maintained were all either measures of self-defence against outer barbarism or else civil wars—types of family quarrel that are bound to occur among nations of high mettle in their undisciplined youth. And from the objection two inferences may be drawn: one, that invocations of the law of self-preservation reluctantly made under external compulsion cannot fairly be taken as measures of the true inner nature of western culture,

and the other that mere juvenile aberrations like fratricide will be discarded by the nations in their maturity. Yet such inferences are opposed by two even more stubborn facts. The prime condition of Europe's emergence as a cultural unity at all was the campaigns of Julius Cæsar in Gaul. And the wars of subsequent European history, whether spontaneously undertaken or not, could not be without their effect on the inner quality of western culture, and have, in fact, largely contributed to making it what it is. Nor can we, as honest readers of history, blame war exclusively for those elements of western civilization that, as moral censors, we happen not to approve. The acquisitiveness, the materialism, the spiritual hypocrisy, which are perhaps its most obvious defects, trace their parentage, where it can be identified at all, at least as often to peace. We may wish, and we may strive, to eradicate the tendencies that lead to war; and on the point of what may be called intellectual leadership, I think we are right in doing so. But we should not be surprised if providence, or the life-force, takes a different view. Providence is never conspicuous for ready acquiescence in the claims of human rationalism. Yet the wisdom of providence is, perhaps, not more astigmatic than that of mankind. Of course, that is no reason why man should abandon his struggle towards the ideal of becoming master of his fate, or, in other words, of coming to terms with providence. But it is, I feel, a reason why war will not be abolished until we have made a much better job of peace than we do at present. When peace is spiritually rich enough to stand without it, war will go—peacefully. It would be far-fetched to talk of the mote in war's eye and the beam in peace's. But would not war actually be farther off if we feared it less and were more critical of the positive content of peace? The frontal attack on war, unless it is designed strictly as a subsidiary part of a wide encircling movement, is not impressive generalship.

The present unguarded absolutism of the popular

Anglo-Saxon attitude rather lays itself open to the criticism that it knows no more of the peace it idolizes than of the war it execrates. When we talk about peace are not our minds, nine times out of ten, quite empty of thought? We merely indicate a revulsion from an earlier experience which we found horrible, dangerous or uncomfortable, according to our circumstances and temperaments. For us peace—not war. It is a negative, abstract, and unreal conception—an exclusive, but unfilled, framework. In a word, it means nothing and is no more than a symptom of a vague velleity—a slogan of Safety and Comfort first.

It is worth while looking at war to see what it really is. Modern encomiasts of peace note that war has its horrors, and that security is, in some ways, a useful and valuable thing. They miss the fact that war also has its blessings, and that peace has many horrors as dreadful as war's. The truth seems to be that our common distinction between war and peace, based as it is entirely upon the employment or non-employment of armaments, corresponds to nothing that is real in a spiritual sense. The wars which are horrible, despicable, and evil without qualification take place in time of peace and under cover of peace; they are social wars, civil wars, fratricidal wars —every form of racketeering, whether in industry, politics, or trade. By the same token, peace in its only concrete form—the tranquillity of the inward soul that nothing can dismay—seems often to be most readily found and most firmly held in the very heart of war. So far as we can see, in fact, war and peace, in their proper meanings of conflict and its resolution into harmony, are both eternal principles, both essential, like the opposite but reciprocal motions of a vascular system, to the blood circulation of human society. The abolition of war in this sense is clearly absurd, because by abolishing the distinction between the two it would mean the abolition of peace as well. To give him his due, I do not know that even Mr. Kellogg proposes it. Mr. Kellogg

would probably admit that conflict in some form is inseparable from human life; but, he would argue, since the form we call war is especially hideous, we should therefore endeavour to confine our conflicts to other and more innocuous forms.

This is a thought which, quartered, has, or may have, but one part wisdom and three parts coward. It is certainly unlikely to find enduring acceptance in the minds of our posterity. War in its initial impact is beyond question a disturbing event. Not only does it gravely dislocate the normal processes of the communal life, but in the individual mind it is like an earthquake overturning the entire home, wrecking the soft comforts of convention and prejudice with which we protect ourselves from the realities of existence, and leaving every man naked to contemplate the exposed foundations of human nature and the very problematic character of human destiny. No wonder that all well-brought-up, tender-minded persons think war a highly indecorous affair. It strips their soul of its ultimate fig-leaf; and what have they then to mark them off from the beast? Worse things still than this can be said of war. It costs a great deal of money, and though a few, favoured by chance or lack of scruple, make large profits from it, it is a moth that breaks into and corrupts the worldly wealth of the ordinary citizen. Again, war is usually entered upon as a last means of settling a dispute. There are very few people so obtuse as not to be able to see (at least in cold blood) that war must always fail of such a purpose, and the idea has thus grown up that war is vitiated by some essential irrationality. Whether the idea is true or false, these particular grounds for it are mistaken; but it contributes to the present unpopularity of war, because people do not like to inconvenience themselves, and still less to be seen to have inconvenienced themselves, for the sake of something they admit to be illogical. A third contributing factor is that war, which leads so much of youth to the sacrifice, engages the hidden

emotions of ordinary folk to an extent which they, with their rooted preference for easy living over depth of experience, find extremely troublesome.

But all this is only one side of the medal; moreover, peace can match every skeleton in war's cupboard with half-a-dozen of her own. Let us look at the reverse. It is under the excitement of war alone that men work together strongly on a large scale. As the first shot is fired, the nation draws together, its ranks compact and orderly, its internal divisions healed or forgotten. It becomes for the first time a coherent organism embodying a single unified purpose. In a moment competitors are turned into comrades, rivals into allies. In a real sense, therefore, every declaration of war with foreigners is a declaration of peace with compatriots, and can hardly be said to involve any increase of conflict in the national life. It merely shifts the focus of envy and calumny and hate from within the national group to without. To put the same thing in another way, what we pride ourselves on as peace is really a state, more or less violent, of civil war. And that civil war, being waged furtively for more sordid ends, is often more degrading than open war with external powers. If it be said that the co-ordinating power of war belongs not to war *per se*, but to those wars which are felt to be just, the answer is that war seldom or never takes place but what both groups of belligerents are equally convinced of the justice of their respective causes.

Much the same thing happens within the individual mind. To join issue openly with an impersonal enemy like a foreign nation, substituting one large acknowledged struggle for all the petty hidden ones of civil life, sets a man strangely at peace with himself. It is not for nothing that Shakespeare makes Othello cry, on finding his occupation of soldier gone—

> Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!

How many hundreds of thousands of our own contemporaries must have known that mood in the months

which followed November 11, 1918? In a similar way Rupert Brooke undoubtedly expressed the mind of his generation when he said—

> Now God be thanked who has matched us with His hour
> And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping. . . .

To-day "His hour" has an almost blasphemous sound. Yet I wonder if that sonnet ever echoes bitterly or mockingly in a soldier's ear. Few who have been to war, however painfully war may have broken them in body or spirit, ever regret their experience or wish that it might have been exchanged for another. A young soldier after six months in the line in 1915 wrote home :—

> I'm always thinking about you and praying that you aren't unhappy about me or any other worry. If there is any soul *eudaimon* in this world, it is me—real happiness of the whole being, the only sort there is, *ousa eudaimonia*. It makes me sing and grin to myself in the dark. And, thank God, I believe I can do what is up to me.

His testimony would be endorsed by most fighters whose nerves have stood up to their job.

If these things are true, what is the meaning of them? Why do good men, strong men, all men whose stomach for experience quails neither at life nor death, fall in some queer fashion in love with war—not finding there a fascination they are unable to resist, not caught by any spell of outward pride and pomp or by dreams of military glory, but winning profound spiritual satisfaction from war's difficult and terrible beauty? The answer commonly given is that war is a magician baleful and Circe-like. It brutalizes and mechanizes its victims, changing men into swine and blunting the perception of their reason until they take any filthy husks for pearls. The weakness of such an explanation is that it seems to square ill with the facts, and that it usually has an ulterior motive, being offered not so much to show why those who know war like it, as to induce those who do not know war to dislike it. Many excellent citizens have applauded the most sentimental and hysterical of war

novels on the ground that sensational descriptions of "the awful blind waste and brutality of war" will permanently frighten off the coming generations from all bellicose thoughts. They regard such books as scarecrows in the cornfields of peace; and they forget that wars do not come because young men will them, but because old men lack the skill to control their coming. In the same spirit St. Augustine sought to make lechery disgusting to hot-blooded youth by emphasizing that, for all its soft outer delicacy, woman's body is really nothing but a sack of guts. It is unlikely that professional pacifists will be more successful along that line than St. Augustine was. In thirty years' time even, "All Quiet on the Western Front," if it is read at all, will probably operate rather as a challenge than a discouragement to adventurous young minds. For as it is untrue that woman is a mere sack of guts, so it is also untrue that war is a mere succession of meaningless horrors. And it would be a poor day for the world if one generation were to plunge so deep into experience that posterity dared not follow and press farther on.

In truth, war is a moral preceptor and an evangelist of most persuasive force. In ways easily memorized, it drives home to those who drink its medicated waters a few all-important truths, which the times of peace, whether piping or disenchanting, strive always to conceal or to distort. These truths are three: Man is a thing of instant doom; his life is lived minute by minute in the midst of death; and his life is not only short, but also, in itself, valueless. "As the generation of leaves, so is the generation of men." It all sounds obvious enough, even trivial. There seems nothing esoteric about it; such copybook maxims are the staple of half the literature of the world. Yes; but the difference is that the peace-monger hears, accepts with bored acquiescence and complete lack of conviction, and disregards; the warrior sees. He realizes with shattering intensity their truth and their ultimate, ineluctable implications. They are

for him the reinforced concrete of fact, the only shell-proof material known. So he builds of them a religion, a philosophy of life, wherein he is invulnerable without being immobile; and he actually uses them as the base from which all his thought and action proceed. The point of the Iliad, and, indeed, of most honest war-literature since, is that the life of man matters to nobody but himself. If he is to find any value in it, he himself must create the value. And he must derive it from the very necessity which impels him to creation, and which seems at first to deny all value—his own swift and sudden doom. Perhaps the rhetoric of the cause may be given in the following lines, said to have been written by another young soldier on the eve of his first battle—

> I have made peace with life. At last I breathe
> A larger air, as deep as all past years,
> Wide as from here to Quantock's purple heath,
> And regal with the gold that evening wears.
> War is a suffocating slavery
> No more; by magical immersion
> In hell's most fiery waters I have put on
> Achillean invulnerability.
> Out of the blank, impenetrable dark,
> Out of life's deep, intrinsic uselessness,
> Out of myself and out of chaos stark,
> I have created a heaven serene to bless.
> Danger and daring! My triumphal arches
> Within whose shadow the past lives anew,
> Where time bows down before me, and wherethrough
> Obedient destiny at my order marches!

It can no more be wisdom to ignore testimony like this, which has the authentic ring of truth about it, than to accept it as fully conclusive. In the last resort, perhaps, no human evidence can prove very much. But this does show at least that war enjoys an organic association with virtue in the high Roman sense—an association which the pacifist enthusiasm of the day sometimes seems almost wantonly anxious to thrust out of mind.

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street (Author of "Farmer's Glory")

March 15th.

NOTHING else but wind and rain lately. The arable land is like porridge, and the meadows are under water. This will mean a late Spring sowing, and a late turning out to grass. Dry weather is needed badly for every branch of British farming just now. Still, at this time of year, and especially after this wet time, a few weeks' dry weather would make us all cry out for rain.

March 17th.

The principal topic amongst farmers in this district just now is the Report of the Milk Commission. There seem to be four main queries. One—does the Government take any responsibility for the success of a Milk Marketing Scheme on the lines of the Commission's recommendations? Two—Will not the best type of producers, who by reason of geography, equipment, or methods, have been able to sell all their produce in the Liquid market, be penalized on behalf of the less efficient producer? Three—What is the producer-retailer, who has carved out a business by his own efforts, to be charged for the moral glow he will obtain from the thought that he has helped his brother farmers, who, generally speaking, have despised him for joining the ranks of the retail trade? Four—As under this scheme an increased volume of milk seems certain, do the powers that be intend to raise the price of butter and cheese so that the price of manufacturing milk will be at a remunerative level? I must try to find out some answers to these questions in the near future.

March 18th.

The query as to Government responsibility for the success of a Milk Scheme is beyond a simple farmer. Surely this must be a matter of conscience, and I cannot

help wondering whether political consciences are not now extinct. Farmers' opinions around here suggest that there will be hardships on the regional borders, and also that in many cases the best producers of milk will be penalized. This last, I feel, is bound to happen in any system of control or co-operation—the efficient individual will lose his advantages. Will this tend to make him less efficient? That has been the result of standardized wages in most cases. Against this argument is the query as to whether the individual can stand alone for very much longer in the present state of the milk trade.

March 19th.

Once again I have broken the Sabbath. I went up to the outdoor herd this morning and smoked a couple of pipes with the dairyman. We went through the dairy hunting for barreners. Usually at this time of year we find a team of ten to a dozen, but this year we could only find two, a most satisfactory result. What proportion of the cost of milk production can be put down to this barrener question alone is difficult to say, but it must be from 1*d.* to 2*d.* per gallon.

March 21st.

Truth is stranger than fiction—I am going to grow 4 acres of sugar beet this season for two reasons. One is to help the district acreage up to such a point that there will be a reduction in the railway carriage, and the other is for my pupil's benefit. I think that he should make the acquaintance of the hoe this Summer. By so doing he will obtain a better idea of the real extent of four acres, and also a proper respect for the agricultural labourer. The land in question was ploughed out of wheat stubble last Fall, and we have just started to cross-plough it.

March 24th.

On looking round the hills I should say that the Spring corn sowing was well in hand. Modern implements

make it possible to catch up after a wet Spring. I have noticed recently that a good many agricultural shows are to be abandoned. Sometimes I think that it would be a good plan to have some Lean Stock Shows instead of Fat Stock Shows, for nobody to-day appears to eat any fat meat if they can help it. Our farming must comply with this prevailing fashion or go under.

March 25th.

I drove to-day through Wiltshire and Hampshire. The weather was ideal, and the flood water is receding rapidly. A journey under these conditions at this time of year makes one wonder why it is that a smiling land like this cannot earn a living for its dwellers, by supplying food to their town cousins. One effect of the recent floods will be that our water meadows will be of less value this Spring. There is less grass in them to-day than at Christmas, and it will be some time before they will be dry enough to carry the cattle. As my old drowner puts it, "Thee't 'a to bide out ov 'em fur a main bit, else the cows'll have vive mouths apiece." He means, of course, that their four feet will each destroy as much grass as their mouths eat.

March 28th.

I do not agree with the paragraph in the Milk Report which suggests that the retail deliveries of milk should be restricted to once daily. A large proportion of the liquid milk consumed is delivered into houses which have no facilities for keeping it cool. Under a one-delivery system the housewife in many cases will be sure to have some milk go sour, not only in the Summer but also during muggy weather in the Winter. Let this happen about twice, and there will be yet another consumer of liquid milk forced on to the condensed variety. The consumption of liquid milk hangs on a very slender thread, a support which will collapse if a good service is not maintained. Surely we want to increase the consumption

of liquid milk, not lessen it. Despite its various critics our present milk supply is a lot better than the average consumer has been led to believe, and in connection with the health of little children I would suggest that it is not the milk they drink which harms them, it is the milk they don't get. In my opinion a one-delivery system will result in poor children getting less liquid milk.

April 1st.

A risky thing to make an entry in a diary on All Fools' Day, but I noticed that the primroses were out in the woods and hedgerows to-day, and I am wondering how they will be treated by town visitors to the countryside this season. I am not suggesting that these visitors are fools, but I do suggest that they are a trifle thoughtless when they gather wild flowers. Their main idea seems to be quantity, which is surely a mistake. To take a few flowers home to an invalid will do little harm and give great pleasure. To gather enormous bunches of primroses and limp sheaves of bluebells is wholesale robbery, and it gives, I think, less pleasure. Surely their natural setting is preferable to the dustbin, where most of them are to be found next day.

April 3rd.

Travelled up to London to-day in order to hear a discussion of the Milk Report at the Farmers' Club. Criticisms of detail were many, and, of course, the reply to most of these can only be found out in actual working, but the chief criticism of the Report as a whole was that it cuts right across the basis of trading as understood to-day, and for centuries past. Of course it does, for the old basis of trading does not result in profits to-day. This new idea of Agricultural Marketing is a Socialist baby, but for some obscure reasons Conservative politicians have accepted paternity, presumably because they are unable to produce a child themselves. Now they advise British farmers to adopt it, a course which I think we shall take—not because we are enamoured of the

child, but because there appears to be no other alternative. However, in my opinion, this child will not thrive unless its official fathers help support it by some form of protection for manufactured milk products. Will they do this? There was no definite answer to that question this evening.

April 4th.

London is a lonely place for a farmer, so I have had plenty of time to-day to think over last night's debate. The chief thing which stands out in my mind is that no alternative to the proposed Milk Scheme was put forward. What, then, will be the position of the milk industry in this country next October if this scheme is turned down? I, for one, do not relish the prospect. The land of Britain, the kitchen garden for this household of 45 million people, cannot produce all our requirements. The nation must import some food. But our home land can produce milk and milk products rather better than most other products. Does this scheme provide a chance that the task of producing a much bigger share of the nation's dairy requirements will be given to the British farmer? I think it does, because despite my and others' doubts as to the question of the responsibility to be taken by the powers that be, I do not think that they dare let this scheme fail, if the British dairy farmers try to make it work. At last the official dogs have their noses on the right line. I do not admire their methods of hunting—I would have preferred a trifle more courage—but I shall try to help them catch this rabbit. Our dairy industry is a fat, juicy rabbit, and worth catching. By comparison, English wheat is a very old buck, which is past doing much harm if you leave it running about, and has very little meat on it when caught.

April 6th.

Coming down in the train yesterday I noticed several herds of cows out at grass in the water meadows. Mine

are not yet turned out—I think that we are later this year than ever I remember. To-day I went out to make plans to shift the outdoor herd down into the valley to-morrow. But to-morrow was a Friday, and farm labourers are convinced that it is unlucky to start anything on that day. My men did not plead the local superstition—they were too wily for that—but they produced countless objections to the proposed move. And they beat me—I confess it—and the trek will not take place until Monday. This sounds very weak, but when you farm in this country, one of the first things to learn is that, in the words of Kipling, "Whoever pays the taxes old Mus' Hobden owns the land."

April 10th.

The Spring trek to the meadows took place all right this morning, the only objector being Billy the Bull. He has been roaming care-free on the downs with his wives all winter, and he resented the indignity of being led by the nose. But the downs are on one side of the public highway, and the water meadows and low pastures are on the other, so he had to come to it, but he did take some holding. Query—Are bulls stronger than they used to be, or is middle-age taking its toll of my powers? Anyway, I am not so scornful of bulls as I was ten years ago. I had to pay my dairyman a compliment this morning. Never have I seen a herd of cows come out of the Winter so well.

April 12th.

One of my friends tells me that he has still a little barley to sow, where his sheep have not yet finished some winter roots. He will have to hurry up, for I saw the blackthorn in blossom this morning, and the old couplet came to my mind:

"When the blackthorn blossoms white
Sow the barley day and night."

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

A MONTH of criticism has in no way altered the fact that a Four Power Pact, as outlined by Signor Mussolini to the Prime Minister, is the only method of preventing an outbreak of war in the near future. The two debates in the House of Commons were, on the whole, disappointing, and for the want of a definite lead both Parliamentary and public opinion is clearly confused. It has proved difficult to be precise in matters of detail when the views of France and Germany were still unknown, but Mr. MacDonald need not have been quite so vague. During the past few weeks he has been seen at his best in the conduct of foreign policy, and at his worst in his exposition of it.

With every day that passes the need for an agreement between France, Germany, Italy, and ourselves grows greater, not less. Such an agreement on the main issues is the basis of the present scheme, and the reason that it is making somewhat heavy weather is that there is considerable difference of opinion how the decisions of the Great Powers are to be made acceptable to the smaller ones. As to the problem of fitting the Pact into the framework of the League, that is a minor matter. If Geneva cannot find room for the only project that has the remotest chance of preserving peace, then so much the worse for Geneva.

Signor Mussolini deserves the thanks of the civilized world for his initiative, and Mr. MacDonald gave evidence of the highest statesmanship when he followed the Italian lead. It is not, however, enough to have produced the plan, for strenuous efforts will be required before it is in operation. In these circumstances it is to be hoped that the Conservative critics of the National Government will cease their sniping where the Four Power Pact is concerned, for it is the best thing any British administration has done in the field of foreign policy since the war.

The French Attitude

THE position of France is not an easy one, and it is not rendered any less difficult by the fact that at the present time she does not possess a single statesman of outstanding ability. The Four Power Pact, so far as can be gauged in the absence of any authoritative pronouncement as to its details, gives her the security she seeks, but it means a definite breach with the Little Entente. A good many Frenchmen, possibly the majority, are privately of the opinion that the Little Entente is more of a liability than an asset to their country, but to break with it, at the apparent dictation of Italy, would mean a serious rebuff for French diplomacy.

M. Herriot is frankly hostile to the scheme, which he denounces as rendering war inevitable owing to the impossibility of effecting revision in any other way. M. Daladier is more doubtful, but is believed to be chiefly concerned with the fact that among the four Powers France might be a permanent minority. M. Paul-Boncourt is less unfavourable, for he feels that if the project is rejected Germany will at once re-arm, and this is a danger to be avoided at all costs. Lastly, M. Henri de Jouvenel, the French Ambassador in Rome, is an enthusiastic supporter of the Pact, the acceptance of which he has strongly pressed upon his government.

It is a serious dilemma for France, which has, in effect, to choose between Great Britain and the Little Entente. As Mr. Hugh Molson rightly said in the House of Commons the other day, if France rejects this Pact it will not be easy, when the necessity arises, for a British Government to raise either the men or the money to defend her in accordance with the Locarno agreement. With Roumania and Jugo-Slavia in a state of barely suppressed civil war, and Czechoslovakia isolated, the choice should not be difficult, if only France had a man capable of taking the long view.

The Nazi Dictatorship

THE progress of events in Germany has been rapid during the past month, but it is still impossible to say in what direction that country is progressing. The Imperial flag has been restored, the crown replaced on the German eagle, and titles and decorations reintroduced, but the action of the Nazi Commissioner for the Palatinate in ordering the arrest of the Stahlhelm leaders in his area would hardly appear to be evidence of the existence of good relations between the Nazis and their Nationalist allies. The appointment of Captain Göring as Premier of Prussia was also a serious blow to the Nationalists, who wanted the post for Herr von Papen. An amalgamation of the Nazis and the Stahlhelm might well prove to be a mere papering over of the cracks.

The danger of a *putsch* to recover territory lost at Versailles is clearly not yet at an end, though it is diminishing, at any rate in the East. In the middle of last month, for example, the headquarters of the Nazi movement in Schleswig-Holstein was moved to the frontier town of Flensborg, and divisions were established in three Danish cities. Demonstrations have also been organized in South Jutland in favour of the restoration of North Slesvig to Germany. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the German vote in this district has declined from 25 per cent. in 1920 (when the plebiscite was held) to 13·6 per cent. in November 1932.

The most important constitutional development has been the Unification Bill, which was put into force on April 7. By this measure, which is described as marking the end of federalism, a Statthalter is appointed to each of the Federal States. He combines the functions and authority of a Reich Commissioner, a State President, and the Governor-General of a British Dominion, and he is responsible to the central government alone. The Statthalter was given the power to confirm or dismiss the existing State Premiers and governments.

Austria, Hungary, and the Habsburgs

IN face of the new situation in Germany the Austrian Government has displayed a firmness and a restraint which have done it credit, but even more significant is the growing determination of the people that Austria shall not be treated in the manner of Bavaria. This feeling is particularly strong in the Tyrol, as is proved by the remarkable letter to that effect of the Burgomaster of Ampass in the *Daily Telegraph* on the 13th of last month. The spirit of Andreas Hofer is still very much alive in his native mountains, and the appearance of a Reich Commissioner in Vienna would undoubtedly be the signal for the Tyrolese to take up arms.

Meanwhile, the cause of the Habsburgs, which seemed to be dead in Austria, is gaining fresh adherents every day. Of the 300 communes in the Tyrol, 84 have within the last few months elected the Archduke Otto as an honorary freeman. On April 2, the eleventh anniversary of the late Emperor's death, services were held at Vienna, Salzburg, Hahl, Isahl, Lenz, Innsbruck, and all the other centres of population, and in almost every case hundreds of people were turned away from the churches, which were overflowing. There is also a movement on foot to bring the body of the Emperor Charles back from Madeira, and re-bury it at Vienna.

Evidence is also forthcoming from Budapest that the revival of the Dual Monarchy is being envisaged as the only way to prevent the *Anschluss*, and to restore prosperity to Austria and Hungary. On March 23, Count Josef Karolyi, whom the Archduke Otto has recently appointed as the Legitimist leader in succession to the late Count Apponyi, emphasized in a public speech the need for a closer connection with Austria, and his remarks were endorsed the next day by Dr. Weisner, the Austrian statesman. In short, the late subjects of the Habsburgs are discovering the truth of the saying that a monarchy unites while a republic divides.

France and Italy

IS it too much to hope that the pressure of recent events in Central Europe will result in a Franco-Italian understanding? For France the reappearance of the German menace in its old form makes it more than ever essential that she should have a friendly Italy in her rear, and if war does come the latter would prove of far greater assistance than the Little Entente. As for Italy, the revival of the *Drang nach Osten* threatens not only the predominance that she has built up in the Balkans, but also her naval supremacy in the Adriatic.

In a recent number of that wholly admirable publication, *Je Suis Partout*, M. Georges Roux has pleaded once more for an agreement between the two countries. He gives as the obstacles in its path the instability of French governments, the French alliance with Jugo-Slavia, the Italian dislike of France, and the Italian fear of a French hegemony. In his analysis of the situation, M. Roux states that the revolution in Germany has completely changed the position so far as the last three of these hindrances to an understanding are concerned, and that ere long circumstances will render the first of them a thing of the past. That his point of view is that of a large number of his fellow-countrymen there can be no doubt.

The conclusion of a Franco-Italian agreement would be a powerful lever for effecting a Four Power Pact, and that is not the least among the reasons why the British Government should leave no stone unturned to bring it about. If there are, as it is alleged, hidden influences at work to keep France and Italy apart, then the sooner they are forced into the light of day the better. This is not, it may be added, a plea for a public conference with a British statesman in the chair, but rather for negotiation through the regular diplomatic channels. There will be no peace in Europe until for shirt-sleeves diplomacy have been substituted open treaties secretly negotiated.

Unhappy Spain

TWO years have now elasped since the establishment of the second Spanish Republic, and it is instructive to regard the state of Spain on this anniversary of the triumph of liberty and progress. On March 31 the Hotel Universal at Reinosa (Santander) was sacked and burnt because two Opposition deputies were holding a meeting there; the Mayor told the police not to interfere. At Marbella (Malaga) the church was dynamited last month, but the perpetrators of the outrage have never been discovered. On March 25 the chapel of the cemetery at Elgueta (Guipuzcoa) was burnt, and on March 31 the church at Real de Becerro (Jaen) met a like fate. In the latter case the inhabitants made an effort to put out the flames, and some of them were arrested by the authorities for their pains. At El Pedroso (Seville) artistic treasures dating from the fifteenth century have been destroyed without any action being taken by the police.

A sinister development of recent weeks has been the molestation of foreigners. Recently there was an outbreak of xenophobia in Barcelona, where, in the Plaza de Cataluña, a number of Italian children were attacked on their return from a picnic in the country, and the mob then proceeded to smash the windows of the Italian institute. The German Ambassador in Madrid is daily in receipt of threatening messages, and his daughter has already been injured in a scuffle. The Government Press encourages rather than reproves these attacks on foreigners, and the semi-official *Luz* does not hesitate to refer to the rulers of Portugal as " bandits by instinct "; and to the policy of the Portuguese Government as " a cannibal's feast ! "

The Spanish Elections

IT had been announced that a General Election would be held last month, but the Government decided that a number of by-elections would suit it better. In prepara-

tion for this event no less than 11,687 Royalist members of local bodies were dismissed, and care was taken that their successors should be supporters of the existing regime. In any event, there were not to be elections in any of the larger towns, where it would not be so easy to exert the requisite pressure, with the exception of Barcelona, in which city the enthusiastic collaboration of the Catalan Government was assured in advance.

Furthermore, the Prime Minister, Señor Azaña, has refused to suspend the Law for the Defence of the Republic for the period of the elections. As this law makes it a criminal offence to conduct any monarchist propaganda, it is easy to see that the Right was gagged from the commencement of the electoral campaign. In the Cortes all the Opposition deputies, led by Señor Gil Robles, who is not an avowed adherent of King Alfonso, protested against the state of affairs, but in vain. In these circumstances the result of the elections, which is not to hand at the moment of writing, will mean nothing, however great the majority for the Government.

Two New Books

AMONG recent publications upon international matters two of the most important are *La Hongrie de Demain*, by Aldo Dami (Les Oeuvres Representatives. 15 fcs.), and *Civiltá Fascista*, by Vincenzo Meletti (La Nuova Italia. 7 lire).

The first of these books is notable as representing the point of view of the moderate section of Hungarian opinion in the matter of revision. M. Dami, for instance, has no desire to impose Magyar rule upon those who do not want it, and his suggestions for revision by plebiscites is a real contribution to a problem that has so far baffled all attempts to settle it. He does not, it may be added, covet Transylvania, though he demands several modifications in the Roumanian administration in order that the minorities may be safeguarded. M. Dami's work

should be read by all who wish to discover some plan by which peace can be brought to the Succession States.

Signor Meletti, on the other hand, is concerned with the domestic rather than with the foreign policy of his country. His book is an extremely succinct account of the Fascist State in all its branches. He shows the reader how local government is carried on, and how the corporate system has been applied to it. The position of the monarchy in the Fascist Constitution, the new educational methods, and the internal colonization are but three examples at random of the subjects described in these pages. Signor Meletti's work is a compendium of information about the most interesting country of our time, and in this, the second, edition his matter has been brought up to date.

Lawn Tennis Prospects

By Sir F. Gordon Lowe, Bt.

MAY is a delightful time of year for tennis enthusiasts with the international season just starting and all the good things ahead. Already visiting players are beginning to arrive, and the doings of several new-comers, Vivian McGrath, the seventeen year old Australian in particular, especially after his recent victory over Vines, will be keenly followed.

From the British Hard Court Championship at Bournemouth early this month, with English players facing their first serious test from outside, until the Davis Cup Challenge round in Paris at the end of July, when France will be fighting to retain the famous trophy for the sixth time, there will be a succession of important tennis fixtures.

The real climax for British supporters will be reached on June 26th when Wimbledon, still the most important tennis event of the year, begins. In order to realize the wonderful expansion which lawn tennis has undergone, it is interesting at this point to turn for a moment from the hectic scenes of to-day and to cast one's mind back to the first Wimbledon meeting in 1877, which was won by Spencer Gore from an entry of twenty-two and attended by a handful of spectators. The coming Wimbledon is to have an extra "side-show" in the form of a Ladies' Plate, which amounts to a consolation event for women beaten in the first and second rounds. The men have long since had their All-England Plate and the new event, as well as pleasing the feminine competitors, will provide attractive and much needed fare for the waiting crowds.

An interesting study of modern lawn tennis is the ever-changing personnel of the game. Young players are continually pushing their way forward at the expense of the older ones. Gone, for instance, are the favourites of only a few years back, such as Tilden, Johnston,

Hunter, Patterson, Lacoste, Kingscote and others—even the supremacy of Borotra and Cochet is threatened. The game, however, benefits by these changes. Even if many of those now at the top are not the equal of those pre-war giants, the Dohertys, Pim, Brookes and Wilding, the general all-round standard of the rank and file is considerably higher to-day. Because of this increasing competition modern champions, Vines included, do not keep up such a good average as their predecessors. This is also due to the crowded programme which amateurs of to-day are asked to undertake, and means that they have to give up far more of their time to the game than they ought to.

Thus serious problems are opened up, and I have often thought the advent of the "Open" Tournament, at which professionals could compete as well, would be an excellent way of clearing the air. It seems, therefore, unfortunate that the International Federation will not give this form of meeting a chance, and has vetoed America's wish to hold one in September. In any case, as Austin remarked the other day, it is only a question of time when open meetings will be an accomplished fact; so why delay their coming? I am in entire agreement with Tilden when he says their advent would be a progressive move in the right direction.

For several years the foot-fault rule has been a source of annoyance on big occasions both to spectators and players alike, when the latter are being continually held up for some small technical offence, such as jumping, from which they do not gain the slightest advantage. I am glad to hear the International Federation are to consider the revision of the foot-fault rule in the future. In the meantime, possibly the fact that they are, will restrain some of those over-zealous foot-fault judges who are too often in evidence at Wimbledon.

Now let us consider who will be the chief actors in the tennis struggles which lie ahead. England will rely all through on much the same men as formerly. Perry,

Austin, Hughes and Lee, who represented us against Spain at Barcelona the other day, are undoubtedly our best combination. The first two are in the world-class, and Perry, in particular, should register something really good before the season is over. Their luck was out in 1932. Three young men to whom the selectors should give every chance are Tuckey, Wilde and Tinkler, though none as yet has shown Davis Cup form. Tuckey has the best service in England, while Wilde needs more determination at the crisis before he can make good. Other sound players are Avory, Olliff, David, Ritchie and Peters. In the regrettable absence of I. G. Collins through his steeple-chasing accident, Gregory, who is playing well, will have to find another Wimbledon partner.

The Australian and South African teams, with their engaging personnel, are bound to be right in the picture, and it is most regrettable that they clash so early on in the Davis Cup. Since his three victories over Ellsworth Vines in Australia, Crawford's tennis prestige has risen considerably, and this masterful player must be reckoned to have a serious chance at Wimbledon. Under Crawford's command are McGrath, Quist and Turnbull, three young players with their tennis futures before them. As mentioned previously, all will be anxious to see McGrath, especially his much-heralded backhand played with both hands. In style, though not in build, as he is quite short, Adrian Quist is a disciple of Crawford, even to using the same square-headed racket. Turnbull is another promising youngster, and the fact that he recently conquered Van Ryn in the Australian Championship speaks for itself of his ability.

Kirby, Farquharson and Robbins of South Africa are a formidable trio without being quite in the super class. Kirby's left-handed break service is a great match winner, and he enjoyed considerable success when last here in 1931. Kirby and Farquharson, the latter an old Cambridge blue, make a fine pair, while Robbins is

a skilful baseline player, who has also been over here before.

Of the Americans it will be interesting to see if Vines, the player of the day, can produce the superlative form he showed on the centre court last year, or if his rivals have now an answer to his hurricane, but sometimes erratic, hitting. Vines will be accompanied by his skilful tennis partner and friend, Gledhill, who together will have many supporters for the doubles championship. They already hold that of America and Australia. Allison is also expected to be of the party, and it is hoped Sutter. This last-mentioned young player, with his Lacoste-like game, may well threaten Vines' supremacy one day. America's wealth of talent is almost confusing when their selectors have such players as Shields, Lott Wood, Van Ryn and Mangin to fall back on if necessary, in addition to those mentioned above. If America once more faces France in the Davis Cup Challenge round I shall fancy the chances of their team of turning the tables at long last on their former conquerors.

Cochet is going to take Wimbledon really seriously, and for the first time will arrive a fortnight beforehand in an effort to break the spell of bad luck which has followed him lately here. There is no reason why the French champion should not return to his best form this season, and at his best his short-angled game is just the one to break up Vines' attack. Let us hope Borotra has not said his last word about retiring from big singles. At any rate, he will defend his Wimbledon doubles title with Brugnon, who is the best doubles player of them all. In Marcel Bernard, who has a real touch of tennis genius, and Merlin, France has two exceptional players. Martin Legeay is another young man whom the French selectors will be glad to watch. Boussus, of course, knows the game through and through, but often lacks confidence in his powers. If the Nazis are really going to bar Prenn from Davis Cup tennis for political reasons Germany's position will be very much weakened, although in Von Cramm

the Fatherland can boast of the most improved young player in Europe. In Maier Spain possesses her best player since Alonso, while De Stefani, unbeaten during his recent trip to India, will again lead Italy. It is only his service which has so far prevented Jiro Satoh of Japan from winning the highest honours. No list of prominent players would be complete without Menzel, the Czechoslovakian giant and possessor of a powerful service and raking forehand drive.

With the exception of Mrs. Moody, who is still in a class by herself, there is precious little to choose between the leading players among the fair sex. Any of the first ten would have an almost equal chance of coming through any big event. Quantity, and not quality, has been the outstanding features of feminine play lately, and much of it has lacked variation. Many of the moderns, for instance, would have a poor chance against the heady play of Mrs. Lambert Chambers, Mrs. Larcombe, Mrs. Bundy, or Mrs. Sterry, could any of the latter return. A keen follower of the game believes that there have been few better players than Miss Dod, the only lawn-tennis champion to win the Amateur Golf Championship as well. Miss Dod volleyed and drove like a man; her only weak point was her service. She won first at Wimbledon when she was sixteen.

If Mrs. Moody does not come to Wimbledon, Miss Helen Jacob, on her last year's form, would be a strong favourite for the feminine crown. What a pity it is that Mrs. Heine Miller cannot leave South Africa, because she showed by her all-round play against the British women last winter that she is still very near the top, and her presence in Europe would have added greatly to the general interest. Fräulein Aussem is making a welcome return to the game, but has some way to go before she recovers the form which won her the championship in 1931; she will be well backed up by her compatriots, Fräulein Krahwinnel, Fräulein Horn and Frau Schneider (*née* Peitz). Madame Mathieu of France will again

be a prominent figure, while Mlle. Payot of Switzerland is a rapidly advancing tennis force.

Young Continental players who will soon take the centre of the stage are Mlle. Sigart of Belgium, who holds the women's doubles at Wimbledon with Mrs. Howard (*née* Mlle. Metaxa), Mlle. Jedrzejowska of Poland, who enjoyed such sweeping successes in England early this season, and will be returning shortly; Mlle. Couquerque of Holland and Mlle. Adamoff of France.

For a country with the largest choice of women players British performances in the international field ought to be much better. Our representatives have the strokes, but too often fail to put them across when most wanted. Of the more experienced players Miss Dorothy Round, with most attractive strokes, and Mrs. King, a very sound player, have been doing well, while Miss Heeley ranked No. 1, Mrs. Whittingstall and Miss Nuttall have been disappointing. When it comes to a home tournament Miss Ridley is at her best, but in a wider field she lacks that extra bit.

It will be England's turn to send a team to America for the Wightman Cup match this July. Useful recruits for the task may be drawn from Miss Scriven, Miss Hewitt, Miss Stammers, Miss James and Miss Lyle, none of whom has yet played in this annual match. In a country like America where hard hitting is at a premium our selectors could not do better than include, at any rate, three members of our younger school and stiffen the side by awarding the other two places to more experienced campaigners.

The Restoration of Property (III)

By Hilaire Belloc

THE practical problem before us is how to effect the beginnings at least of a restoration of property in this society of ours wherein property has been almost destroyed, its principles forgotten, and acquaintance with it lost to the determining majority of our fellow citizens.

The problem is one applying to this particular country —Britain—at this particular moment. We have to deal with it in a very different way from what we might adopt in a country where property was still for most men a desire, and for a further sufficient number of men a known and experienced incident.

We can only try and restore it at first, in some measure, to sow the seeds of such a restoration in a country which has become one of industrialized capitalism with a determining number of its citizens proletarian—that is, wage slaves.

Now, the obvious intellectual answer to the main question: "How shall we proceed?" is to discover the root of the evil and attack that root.

On the surface the cause of the evil would appear to be unchecked competition, with its destruction of all those safeguards whereby property maintained itself for centuries before the breakdown which began three to four hundred years ago. But we can go deeper than that. The profound, ultimate root of the whole affair is a certain mood—an attitude of mind. Where you have a public opinion supporting well-divided property, a state of society which takes well-divided property for granted and therefore a philosophy consonant with well-divided property, institutions or customs conservative of property will arise of their own accord. Conversely, attacks upon the small owner, his attempted destruction by the great man, will be defeated.

"Therefore" (says the intellectual observer of the problem), "we can only effect even the beginnings of the

mighty change we have in view by going to the very ultimate causes and apply our remedy there. We must change the philosophy, that is, the religion of the society in which we live. A false and poisonous philosophy having produced industrial capitalism with its herd of wage slaves, and having destroyed normal human economic freedom we must re-establish a sane philosophy —or rather religion—whence right institutions would necessarily proceed. Now, it is this obvious or radical attitude which at the risk of paradox I must beg leave to challenge.

I do not think that in England as now constituted there is a chance of changing the minds of men from that philosophy whence all these evils have proceeded. Nor do I think that the enormous structure of industrial capitalism, with its establishment, as a dominating social feature, of a millioned proletariat in the place of free citizens, can be at once overset by the propagation of ideals. This attempt at general conversion must go on all the time side by side with the practical tackling of the problem, and such effort at conversion is itself practical, but at the moment we cannot expect from it effects on a scale worth noticing.

It is the conviction of this which has decided most of those who have enough historical knowledge and enough moral sense to hate capitalism, and at the same time enough intelligence to despise socialism, to stand aside or, what comes to the same thing as standing aside, to discuss the abstract doctrine of economic freedom without attempting to issue a concrete programme for its re-creation. All around us everything works for the destruction of such small proportion of well-divided property as remains. Every unit in our social machinery, every habit of our thought takes the present civilization for granted. It takes it for granted that the only solution of our evils is a solution of the same nature as those evils, to wit, the socialist solution. "We have lost," they say, "our economic freedom, and it is impossible

to recover it." Or again, " Since there must be monopoly and since the mass of men must be the slaves of monopoly let us at least put monopoly into the hands of the State and not leave it and its control to a few millionaires."

It is, indeed, true that the position to be attacked is formidable. It is so formidable that anyone may be forgiven for regarding it as not only impregnable, but invulnerable. It is a fortress against which any efforts we may make through attempted reforms of laws here or there, through attempted founding of new institutions here or there, might be compared to the attacking of one of the old-fashioned stone fortresses by unarmed men. They could hardly loosen a stone. They are surely impotent to effect any breach, however slight, in the invincible defence.

But when you are considering how a fortress may be attacked with the means at your disposal it is your first business to ask yourself where its weak points are to be found. The weakness may seem slight, the opportunity of action against such great and highly-organized strength may seem negligible, but the very first business is to find out at least *where* there is an opportunity even on a small scale for beginning. In other words, the practical thing is not to attempt to undermine industrial capitalism at once and as a whole—that can only be done by a change in the religion or philosophy of the citizens—nor even to attempt to make suddenly a great breach in the defence, for that could only be done with weapons we do not possess, but to seek out those points, however apparently insignificant, in which the reversal of the great process can be sporadically begun.

I would, therefore, in the consideration of a practical programme set out the various points of that programme in an order almost exactly the opposite of the intellectual order, and would begin with the thing that can at least be done at once with some chance of partial and limited success. The process may be compared to the killing of a tree by one who must attack with instruments too feeble

for cutting the tree down, let alone uprooting it, too feeble even for inflicting a serious wound upon its trunk, too feeble for cutting off main branches or perhaps even secondary branches, but *not too feeble for clipping leaves.*

Now, if you cut enough leaves off a tree the tree dies; and a man not having an axe or a saw or a spade may yet with small shears and the slight aggressive power of his two hands begin to destroy one after the other the leaves. With this principle in mind and for that purpose I ask what concrete proposals are available. How can we sow fresh seed, from whence the institution of property shall begin to re-arise?

There are main departments in the problem: (*a*) The restoration of the small distributor and the small craftsman, either as individual families or as employers of but few subordinates; (*b*) the division of property in enterprises necessarily large, among many holders in sufficient amount; (*c*) the confirming of such wholesome division by institutions which shall maintain it and prevent a recurrent degradation of property into capitalism.

Before considering these a digression must be admitted upon the function of what is to-day called " The State "; what used to be called (in the days when men preferred reality) " The King."

We have already said that no such reformation as we are contemplating can be undertaken or continued without the use of State power. And to understand the necessity for this we must get rid of the false category whereby men think in terms of two contrasted methods which they call Socialism and Individualism.

These terms do not indicate a true contrast. There is no such thing as individualism; an action by the State is one thing when it is used to free mankind and to give the citizens economic independence, and an exactly opposite thing when it is used to take that independence away. As men would have put it when property was, indeed, well distributed and when there corresponded

to it a strong national monarchy, " the King is there to safeguard the freedom of the small man against the tyranny of the great." That is his function, and there is nothing in common between the exercise of that function and the King turned into a universal owner with all men his slaves—on the contrary, the right conception of kingship as the moderator and preserver of freedom is the very contrary to, and destruction of, the wrong conception of kingship as a universal despotism. We shall find as we proceed in our examination that we cannot follow it for any distance without calling in the powers of the State, to contrast with and as far as possible to destroy the usurped powers of Big Business.

To return, then, to the concrete proposals for a remedy.

If we look at our present industrialized society we perceive that there are two opportunities here, one offering much greater chances than the other, for particular action. The first is the opportunity for restoring the small distributor—the small shopkeeper. The second is the opportunity for restoring the small workshop, the craftsman; and the first is a much more promising opportunity than the second.

As to the restoration of the small distributor (or perhaps we may call it " the saving of him," for he still survives as a type with very numerous examples), there would seem to be two converse economic policies available together. The first is the handicapping of the large distributor, by differential taxation, and the second is using such a system for the artificial economic protection of the small distributor—for all of which, of course, one must go directly contrary to the accepted doctrines of the past, which have led us into the mess in which we are now floundering.

There are two forms of differential taxation on large distribution (I mean, of course, large retail distribution), all three of which must be applied simultaneously.

(1) There must be a differential tax on chain-shops,

that is, on the system whereby one man or corporation controls a great number of different shops of the same kind. To control two such may involve but a small tax, to control three a larger one in proportion; and so on, with the curve rising steeply until the ownership of, say, a dozen in the territory over which the Government has power becomes economically impossible. The chain-shop as we now know it has, by the way, not only the evil of destroying the small distributor, but the further evil of controlling wholesale distribution and even production. Suppose, for instance, a system of chain-shops acting as fishmongers; a particular group extends until it controls the fishmongering business of, say, half the trade—say, for the sake of precision, 10,000 shops. It has not only destroyed the economic independence of 10,000 men who would have been each the free owner of a fishmonger's business; it has not only substituted for them 10,000 wage-slaves liable to ruin at any moment by the arbitrary decision of an impersonal master who has no human relationship with them, but it is also in a position to dictate prices to the people who send the fish inland from the ports, and to control in great measure the nature and direction of the fisheries. That is manifestly a usurpation of social power and should be destroyed.

(2) The multiple shop also must be handicapped by differential taxation, based upon the number of categories with which it deals. One multiple shop (or department store) combines, let us say, in a particular case, fifty categories; it acts not only as a chemist and a boot-seller, a wine merchant and tobacconist, but as a stationer, etc. Another deals with seventy categories, another smaller one with only twenty-five. We need a tax differentiated by the number of categories. It will be easy for a small man to add some little extra activity to his main one—he can sell newspapers as well as tobacco, for instance—but when it comes to dealing with more than quite a few categories, differential taxation should begin, and before

it came to dealing with the great number now occupying the chief department stores it should have become prohibitive.

It will be objected, of course, that for such a system you would need an extension of bureaucracy, that the definition of the various categories will be difficult, etc. It is true that in all these reforms we shall have to extend bureaucratic action—in order to prevent ultimately the swallowing up of all our lives by merely capitalist action. The nature of the modern world is such that we cannot escape from being at least helped by the State in our reforms.

In practice the danger is not so great as it seems, for the various forms of retail distribution are fairly well established; there are divisions apparent to ordinary common sense and practice, and this is so true that many of them, as it is, can only come into existence through a licence granted by, or purchased from, the State—tobacconists, for instance. Let that system be extended to a considerable number of trades, and the thing is done.

Here are licences for carrying on a tobacconist's shop and for carrying on a wine shop—let there be also a licence for carrying on a grocery and fishmongering business, or what not, let the licence be granted as a matter of right to any applicant, let its cost be insignificant to the man who applies for only one or two or three licences, but then let it begin to rise more and more steeply as the number of licences applied for increases.

(3) The third form of tax is a tax upon turnover. Your large retail distributor who has only one place of business and who deals with only one kind of business can be, and is, in his way, destructive of the small man just as much as the large distributor who owns chain-shops or as a multiple department store. Let there be no tax on turnover up to a certain sufficiently high level, then let it begin and grow steeply after another higher point until it becomes prohibitive.

As to the second, converse, half of this policy. The

money raised by the differential tax against large distribution, the money provided by that middle zone between the beginnings of large distribution and the point where the differential tax becomes prohibitive, should be used to protect artificially the small man against the great. It should be used to establish and conserve corporate credit within the guild to which—as we shall describe in a later article—the small distributor should belong; it should even be used, perhaps exceptionally, to subsidize the starting of the small man.

Here it may be objected that in many cases nowadays these reforms would be of no productive effect because the small distributor whom we are trying to save and to increase in number is already a distributor only in name and has already become in practice a servant. This is notably the case with the tobacconists. The wholesale producer and distributor has made of the retail tobacconist nothing more than his agent; he can threaten the small retailer with extinction unless he buys at a dictated price and sells at a dictated price. The capitalist tyranny acts here as it does in the refreshment trade, with the "tied house." The remedy for this is a separate matter which we will deal with later on when we consider the reforms necessary in the control of production and wholesale distribution, but for the moment let the suggested reforms in the matter of retail distribution stand.

The opportunity for restoring the artisan or small employer of craftsmen is, as has been said, far less than that for restoring the small distributor. For this there are two reasons. In the first place, concentrated production under large groups of capital can produce in many categories not *somewhat* cheaper than the individual or the small group, but enormously cheaper—though note that this is not universally true. Next (and this is really more important) fashion and habit have come in to help the evil. The purchaser has lost the habit of, and desire for, choice. I say that this mental and spiritual disease

is more important than the merely mechanical fact of cheap production. Such a statement will sound fantastic in the ears of those who are accustomed, as all modern men are, to implied materialism. Yet here, as in every other department, it is the mind that governs and not the material conditions. To see how true this is consider what the effect actually is of choice exercised before our eyes in the modern world and what the effect would be if the use of choice were widely extended.

It is notorious that in certain districts, in certain trades covering great numbers of people, choice is still exercised and has a great effect. For instance, I would quote the demand for Cheshire cheese among the Lancashire operatives. They know what they want and they insist upon it; they will not accept, as will men in the south, a substitute or an inferior article. See also the effect of choice as it is exercised, though in a restricted field it is true, by the middle and upper middle classes in certain categories of furniture and design. Here, as in nearly everything else, the right process has been largely reversed; men take what is imposed upon them and not what they themselves choose. Supply controls demand and not demand supply. But there is still a sufficient amount of choice remaining, as anyone in the furniture trade will tell you, to produce a considerable effect in the more expensive lines. Whether it would be possible to effect the moral revolution of reviving a habit of choice only experiment can show. It has been done in some categories, notably in architecture; in others it has quite failed. But in most it has not even been tried. With the exercise of choice, of individual will, of preferring this to that and seeing that you get it, you extend the opportunity for the artisan, the individual craftsman, the man who makes a thing to order or one who employs and personally supervises a few.

It must be admitted that there is only a limited field here available for the restoration of economic independence. Concentrated mechanical production will for long

necessarily occupy the greater part of the economic area involved in any particular form of manufacture. Still, for the purpose of spreading the moral effect of economic independence, for the purpose of familiarizing modern men before they lose the power altogether with the idea of economic independence, the re-erection even of a number of craftsmen small in proportion with the manufacture of the total amount of a particular product would be of the highest value.

Take, for example, the man who makes simple or more ornate wooden furniture on a small scale with personal knowledge of the methods and without having recourse to concentrated mechanical means. We cannot replace him in his old position of making *all* the furniture needed in the community; he will, for a long time to come, account for no more than a small fraction; but we can easily multiply his present numbers by five, even by ten, perhaps by more than ten, and so set an example of what is desirable in the commonwealth. What is more, we could put before the eyes of people now unaccustomed to them objects of a proper shape, not turned out on a hideous pattern which some capitalist group happens to find the cheapest, but suited to the tastes of the producer and the purchaser.

It must be admitted, of course, that in the beginning an effort of this kind would be the merest nibbling at the edges of a vast field. To our Socialist opponents it will seem not only negligible, but ridiculous. We shall probably have a great deal less effect at first than, say, William Morris and his school—for these called themselves Socialist and were therefore listened to with some respect by people who had forgotten what property was. But if we could add to the moral effect a definite political weapon—the subsidizing and protecting of the small artisan at the expense of Big Business; the confirmation of the small artisan's position by a legalized guild system (which I touch on in the final article of this series)—we shall be able to do more than the dilettanti of the

nineteenth century were ever able to effect, though in their time there was a larger proportion of independent artisans remaining who might still have been saved.

In the case therefore of the artisan, as in the parallel case of the shop, the thing to work for is a revolution of political principle; a new set of ideas and therefore a new set of enactments, the reverse of those which built up industrial capitalism. We need enforceable laws and actual institutions which shall artificially advantage the small distributor against the great and the small craftsman or small user of machinery against the large manufacturer. That is, of course, "uneconomic." In other words, it will cost money. So do the luxuries of the big capitalists cost money to-day. A well-made piece of furniture, neither repulsive nor mechanical in design, will cost more than a piece turned out by mass production. But you are buying something at that price, and it is something well worth having—much better worth having than cheap furniture. It is citizenship, and the escape from slavery.

I am here tempted to repeat the thought that must occur throughout this series: "But all this is moonshine, because there is no condition of mind in a modern industrial State prepared for such a political change." Possibly not. But at any rate those are the lines, and the only lines, along which the change can be effected. The small distributor and the small craft producer could thus be re-established. He would not be made universal; he would at first be only a rather larger minority than the present small minority is; but he would at first be more secure than he is at present, though he would not at first appear in the community in very much larger numbers and he would grow. What his presence *would* effect would be an object lesson in freedom and security, and, let us hope, a tendency on the part of his neighbours to change their own condition, where this was possible, from one of wage-slavery to one of independence.

Even were such a policy successful beyond any limits now thought possible, there must remain a very large

field, indeed, in which the individual craftsman or the small employer of craftsmen, the individual small shop-keeping family or the modest controller of a very few shops or of a small personnel in one shop, has no place. Vast areas of modern production and exchange will necessarily concern great units and great units alone. How shall these be dealt with? How shall well-divided property re-arise in those fields of economic effort where the small unit can in the nature of things have no place?

That is the next question to be answered, and I shall deal with it in the next article of this series, the fourth. In the fifth article I shall ask how a similar policy can be applied to the land; in the sixth and last article I shall deal with the machinery necessary for consolidating the position of small property where it shall have been restored.

(*To be continued.*)

The Film of "Cavalcade"

By Viscount Lymington, M.P.

THIS is essentially the product of the best Bloomsbury mind trained in a co-ed post-war school trying unsuccessfully to escape from reason to instinct. Taking it at its own value, let us believe that it is something more than a successful effort to commercialize the nobler feeling of the moment.

As was the play, so is the film, in spite of Los Angeles, essentially the product of Mr. Coward. However much Hollywood may have tampered with the *mise-en-scene* it produced the same spirit as the play; and technically it has produced an excellent film. Neither play nor film can escape the fact that it is the flat-dweller's synthetic judgment of contemporary history. But even a spurious age cannot truly judge itself since the scum must rise to the surface.

This brave new world is so new that it has not yet learnt to grow without roots. Even those of us who never knew the times can appreciate the reality in the early scenes of "Cavalcade." There is a quality of life in the street scenes which makes us sigh for lost vitality. But Alf Bridges, the real hero of "Cavalcade," is a figure which survives into our days. He is so English as to be unquenchable, yet Mr. Coward quenches him. There is no greater misjudgment of character than in the last scene of Alf's Public-house keeping than when he insults his old friends who come to visit him. He might have shambled to a drunkard's grave, but his drunkenness would always have carried him *in vino veritas*. It is only the false who are false when drunk.

It may be argued that the intolerable condescension of his visitors made the outburst natural, and here is the author's second betrayal of finer qualities. The woman whom he symbolizes as worthy of England, on the thread of whose life he strings the bright glass beads of his history, is not worthy. She behaves like a middle-class goddess from the machine throughout the play. Her

pride is very skin-deep. Because her pride is not an armour against the slings and arrows, she cannot tell her sons in war or peace to come home with their shields or on them. Her husband, in spite of his implied stupidity, is the nobler figure. In all the war scenes the only one worthy of record is the meeting of father and son.

Mr. Coward, as a true son of his age, has brought out the futility and waste of war as the urge to pacificism. He has forgotten that, however futile war may be, it still brings out the stout positive qualities that can be used for peace, since real peace only comes out of struggle. As Alf's fall from grace was the earlier insult to English character, so, too, the glossing over of all but the pacificist aspect of war is an insult to the soldier. Few of us would march light-hearted to another war, but few ex-soldiers would deny that scattered moments of their war-time life gave them flashes of the most unalloyed happiness to which men can attain in contact with their fellows.

The interpretation of war is companioned by the interpretation of post-war years. The *twentieth-century blues* may serve as autobiographical aspirin for a false society. But there are finer elements than the agitator, the Genevan expert or the cocktail dipsomaniac. Pederast, lesbian and drug addict are the products not of war, but of a synthetic machine age, which inculcates the vices of the international monkey-house. Men and women can still be heroic without hope of publicity. Perhaps Mr. Coward has never been allowed to see the English counties, except as a week-ender, and perhaps he never guessed the incredible loyalties of miners and trade unionists to each other and to lost causes. But in the counties and stricken industrial areas he could have found the yeast, and by this play helped to make men use it.

If Mr. Coward meant anything by the final toast he should have drawn pictures of these things also. Instead, the drinkers of the toast fade out behind a jazz of dead soldiers, and *twentieth-century blues*.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HERBERT AGAR

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Literary Notes

By Herbert Agar

The Outline of Geography

IN "The Home of Mankind" (Harrap) Mr. Hendrik Willem Van Loon has written an interesting and exasperating book. Of all the branches of knowledge, geography is perhaps the best adapted to the methods of modern popularization; and hitherto it has been the least exploited. It is one of the few fields where a little knowledge is a safe thing. A smattering of meteorology, a few of the simplest principles and theories of geology, a description of the problems of navigation and map-making: all this, combined with elementary geographic facts and illustrated with amusing drawings, makes something better than a diverting book. It makes a book which should teach many readers to see the world with more interest and more precision, and to combine the things they have seen and read into a more useful whole. The least gifted man, if he takes drawing lessons, will learn to use his sense of sight with greater precision. Similarly, the most bemused searcher after Outlines of

Everything should acquire knowledge of value from Mr. Van Loon's introduction to geography.

At the same time, however, he will acquire an unusual lot of rubbish. Mr. Van Loon (author of the popular "Story of Mankind") is a Dutchman who moved to the United States at the age of twenty. His training is in the field of history, but his experience has been chiefly in journalism. He is a fair, though undignified, representative of modern thought. He appears to believe in all the myths of science, and in worldwide international co-operation, and in little else. He is given to such comments as the following: "To-day, however, the sea is rapidly losing its former importance. The ocean as a high road for commerce is being succeeded by the air." And, at the beginning of what bids fair to be an age of radical depopulation, such as heralded the decline of every great civilization, Mr. Van Loon predicts that "standing room only" on our planet "is the prospect before us unless we are willing to face facts and take certain measures before it is too late." Likewise, his comment on Rome, both pagan and Christian, is barbaric: "I ought to have wept, standing on the Forum, and I could only see the gangsters and racketeers who, under the name of the generals and party leaders, despoiled all of Europe and the greater part of Africa and Asia in exchange for those roads which seem to have been their eternal excuse for much that was unspeakably cruel. I ought to have felt a sense of trembling awe before the church devoted to St. Peter's memory and martyrdom, and I could only deplore the waste of so much money upon a building that had not a single claim to either beauty or charm except that it was bigger than any other edifice constructed for a similar purpose."

Opinions such as these (which make the mind of Mr. H. G. Wells seem subtle by comparison) should not destroy the worth of a book on geography. Nevertheless, they come perilously close to destroying the worth of this one, for two reasons. In the first place, Mr. Van Loon

is so good a geographer that he never gets far from the human and historic meaning of the scenes he is picturing, with the result that it is never possible, for long, to forget the quality of his historical thinking. And in the second place, he is often trying, and always failing, to be funny. I refrain from quoting examples of this humour: it belongs to the type which both alienates and embarrasses the reader.

In spite of these defects, "The Home of Mankind" is a book which can be recommended to anyone who can endure the style, and whose historical opinions are in no danger of being perverted by smart and ill-considered *dicta*. But in spite of its agreeable and imaginative pictures it should not be given to children or to people whose history and philosophy have been acquired chiefly from newspapers—although it is probable that Mr. Van Loon wrote the book for exactly these classes.

M. Maritain

M. JACQUES MARITAIN is one of the leading exponents of that revival of Catholic philosophy which is a feature of contemporary French thought. Messrs. Sheed and Ward have published good translations of many of this author's works (notably, "Art and Scholasticism" and "The Things that are not Cæsar's"), the latest to appear being "Theonas, Conversations of a Sage," translated by Mr. F. J. Sheed. This book was written a dozen years ago. Its polemics, however, are still fresh, for a chief object of attack is the cult of Progress which, though it no longer has its old power over the minds of the informed few, is now perhaps at its most widespread and baneful so far as the minds of the majority are concerned. Mr. Van Loon, with his ready assumption that oceans are about to be outmoded, and with his unashamed indifference to all that is symbolized in Rome, is an example of the effect of this cult upon the average mind.

M. Maritain describes the idea of Progress as "one

of those merely verbal formulæ—which are more perfect in their order in proportion as they are more independent of, and remote from, and arbitrarily imposed upon, things. If you would understand their origin, go back to the Cartesian *clear idea*. From the *clear idea* pass on to the *facile idea*—facile in that it allows of the very widest application, and explains the greatest number of things with the least effort—effort of thought particularly. From that you pass easily to the *idea-feeling*. . . . At a third remove from the *clear idea*, you arrive at what I can only call the *idea-myth* which, emptied of all intelligible content and having no other end save to stimulate in the imagination and the appetite certain well-recognized and pleasurable reactions, dominates despotically the whole field of representation and the individual himself, whom it sets a-quiver the moment it is put before his mind. Thus have come to birth those ideological divinities, those pseudo-ideas wherein the real is altogether swallowed up, which in their totality constitute modern mythology."

Such a contemptuous dismissal of one of the bases of popular thought may seem merely irritating to those who do not share M. Maritain's views. But in "Theonas" this dismissal is studied from many sides and is supported by close, lucid argument. To pass from the gusty shallows of Mr. Van Loon's mind to the depth and precision of Mr. Maritain's Thomism is an object-lesson in one, at least, of the advantages of civilization. The illustration is as clear, and as appealing, as one of the sketches that do so much to enliven "The Home of Mankind."

Dryden

THERE is room for a first-class biography of Dryden, a book that shall be a true contribution both to literary and to historical criticism. Mr. Christopher Hollis's "Dryden" (Duckworth) does not live up to the full possibilities of the subject; yet it is a pleasant and useful book. Attractively written, it combines a fair-minded sketch of Dryden's life with some just literary

judgments. The absurdity of Macaulay's attack on Dryden, and the sincerity of Dryden's religious beliefs, are again demonstrated. It seems graceless to find fault with so good a book; but the subject is worthy of a more compelling treatment. Mr. Hollis, however, should be congratulated on having written our best introduction to Dryden.

Casanova and Wilde

By Hugh Kingsmill

OSCAR WILDE. By C. J. RENIER. (Peter Davies. 5s.)
CASANOVA. By BONAMY DOBRÉE. (Peter Davies. 5s.)

CASANOVA and Oscar Wilde are the two latest additions to Mr. Peter Davies's series of short biographies. Mr. Renier's analysis of the influences which shaped Wilde's life is the clearest and most balanced we yet possess. He has given Wilde's parents their right place in the combination of causes which warped Wilde's genius. A man's will can only operate on the material with which it has been provided at his birth. Wilde was born diseased, and bred in an abnormal atmosphere, and these handicaps proved too severe for his willpower. To his intellect and genius Mr. Renier gives less than their due. Both were crippled by his abnormality, but they were naturally more profound and richer than Mr. Renier acknowledges. Mr. Renier's account of Wilde's last days will, through no fault of his, appear incomplete and biased, when all the material extant on that period of his life is made public. Mr. Robert Sherard has collected, but not yet published, some very valuable evidence which shows that the picture of Wilde's complete moral and intellectual collapse in his last years, painted by Frank Harris and approved by Bernard Shaw, is maliciously exaggerated. When all the circumstances of Wilde's struggle, against disease and ostracism, to keep afloat

by hack-work are made known, Bernard Shaw's stigmatization of him as "an unproductive drunkard and swindler" will not heighten our esteem of men who are productive and vegetarian.

Wilde was half a poet, and half an adventurer, and it was the adventurer in him, not the poet, which fancied that actions need not produce their inevitable consequences. The distinguishing characteristic of all adventurers, from Napoleon down to the latest bagman who hopes to combine the advantages of monogamy and polygamy by setting up a number of domestic establishments at a decent distance from each other, is that they expect the ordinary laws of cause and effect to be suspended on their behalf. The energy and resource with which they exploit the generosity of life obscures for them the fact that everything in the end has to be paid for, and that credits in due course transform themselves into debits. Mr. Bonamy Dobrée, in his study of Casanova, has overlooked this fact. "Perhaps Casanova really was a fairy," he writes. "Certainly, unless he is largely regarded as one he becomes preposterous, unbelievable, an offence against common sense." Elsewhere he says that Casanova "had no complexes, not even that commonplace affair an inferiority-complex (unless the writing of his memoirs is tell-tale), and no shame." Mr. Havelock Ellis, in *Affirmations*, takes the same view of Casanova, whom he uses as a stick for the back of Victorian profit-and-loss morality, representing him as the natural man, who gratifies his desires without remorse, and is superior to the qualms of prudence and the masks of hypocrisy.

In a cruder, less intellectualized form, this is the popular idea of Casanova, and explains his fascination for the thousands who during the last year have gone to the Coliseum to forget their own cramped existences in the contemplation of a fairy rascal for whom life is a feast where every dish can be eaten and none need be digested. The real Casanova was less fortunate, and

before one has read fifty pages of his Memoirs the pains of indigestion are already audible. Like all persons of powerful desires and no leading aptitude to harness them to, he is a perpetual prey to envy. His swagger is born of his uneasiness; and his sense of inferiority, quickened by an intelligence acute enough to recognize gifts outside his own endowment, is always pitting him against his superiors, with painful results for himself. When he called on Voltaire, he released a carefully-prepared compliment: "I have been your pupil for twenty years, and my heart is full of joy to see my master." Voltaire replied: "Honour me with your attendance on my course for twenty years more, and promise me that you will bring me my fees at the end of that time." This interchange is as obviously genuine as the long account of how Casanova compelled Voltaire to revise his inadequate view of Ariosto's genius is obviously faked. Nor was he more fortunate in his relations with women. The romantic episodes in his Memoirs are told in a style which would make a Hollywood producer wince. The episodes which actually occurred are either so trivial as not to deserve transcription, or so painful, physically and mentally, as to excite an ever-growing amazement at the protracted martyrdom which Casanova endured in his pursuit of happiness. "From that day I began to die," he says of his first meeting with La Charpillon, a girl who tormented him with an effrontery which for the remaining thirty-six years of his life never ceased to lacerate him. He was thirty-eight when he met her, and it is round about that age that the adventurer begins to decline, and life starts pressing for payment. Wilde was forty when he set in train the events which led to his imprisonment. But Wilde had inward resources, and these half-filled the void which the pure adventurer tries to stuff with loot from the outer world. There is nothing of intrinsic value in Casanova's Memoirs, no sense of character, no humour, or thought. What interest they have is accidental and

independent of the narrator's own intention. He has drawn his own portrait, but between the lines. He is amusing, but not when he wishes to be. He traverses life without converting any experience into his own possession, and instead of creating his own world tries to break into the worlds of others. Wilde, when asked once for some youthful reminiscences, said that he used to fish in a lake for "large, melancholy salmon, which paid no attention to the bait." Who would exchange such a remark for a list of whales harpooned by Casanova?

Cellar Keys

THE CELLAR KEY. By T. EARLE WELBY. (Gollancz. 6s.)
A BACCHIC PILGRIMAGE: FRENCH WINES. By ERNEST PEIXOTTO. (Scribner's. 8s. 6d.)

IN the honourable line of scholars who have maintained the traditional association between good wine and sound learning, the late Earle Welby found his right place; and now to the names of Peacock, Trollope, Meredith, Saintsbury, Galsworthy, not to speak of the living, we can add the name of Welby with equal gratitude. The best of all histories of poetry was written by him, and to his "Popular History of English Poetry" his last book, "The Cellar Key," is a fit and graceful twin.

In the form of an essay wherein the facts are agreeably borne, he gives us the benefit of his experience in the choice, the serving, and the edible accompaniments of the *principal* clarets, burgundies, champagnes, hocks, ports, sherries, madeiras and brandies available in England to those whose purses and cellar-room are limited. By this practical exclusion the matter is simplified; the innumerable choice of wines is narrowed to rememberable proportions, and the little wine-lists and menus at the end illustrate the advice. Not a word is wasted in the brief compass of this small book, and the appropriate response seems to be not to summarize, but to compare it with one's own experience.

On the clarets and hocks I can humbly agree; but he might, I think, have emphasized two points about burgundy. To my mind, at any rate in England, an average burgundy is not the equal of an average claret; and the white Burgundies are far

finer than the white Bordeaux, though the sweet white wines of Bordeaux have their place at dinner, a place limited necessarily by their sweetness. You cannot drink through a meal a sweet wine, but it is possible enough to dine simply on a Pouilly. His plea for ending a dinner, not with port but with the best of the clarets or the burgundies at the host's disposal, is discriminating, for a succession of different wines (not vintages) is only satisfactory when these are graded in excellence. From this book, too, you can learn the order in which to serve them and the course appropriate to each.

An elementary knowledge is taken for granted, and Welby writes for those who have begun to know their way. He makes the reader at home with perhaps two score of wines, and with the aid of this book the reader can learn how to read a wine-list, whether from a restaurant or merchant, how to value the words on a label, the bottles to avoid and the wines to choose. These hints emerge from a scholarly knowledge of the subject and are thrown into an essay with the blend of ease and learning that made the mellowness of Welby's criticism of books. Not caring myself for any sparkling wines, I was grateful for his praise of still champagne (which is virtually unobtainable in England), and encouraged at many points to try acquaintance with wines that have hitherto escaped my attention. Wine, like poetry, needs the attention of a lifetime, and this book nurses our desire for further insight into the mystery that transforms alcohol just as his other book did for the mystery which transforms the mechanism of verse. Nothing since Mr. W. J. Todd's elementary "Handbook" has been as concise or more helpful.

For the absolute beginner, Mr. Peixotto's "Bacchic Pilgrimage" is an invitation, since it is a holiday and travel book describing a tour of the French vineyards at vintage-time. Starting from Paris in a car, the writer's party drove to Touraine and Anjou, sampling the wines and inspecting the vineyards. Thence they drove to Bordeaux where they visited the districts of Saint Emilion, Pomerol, the Medoc, Graves and Sauternes; thence across France, with a pause at Périgueux, to Burgundy, where they visited the famous vineyards of the Côte de Beaune and the Côte de Nuits, and finally to the Champagne country. This author, too, has a scholarly knowledge, but he has aimed at a holiday book, and it has the advantage of being vivid and picturesque instead of the more normal abstract discussion.

The drawings of famous chateaux, of the presses, and the vintagers, and the little sketch maps have an amateur charm; while the wines that were drunk, thanks to the hospitality of famous hosts, are wonderful even to read of. It is a book to be kept by anyone hoping to make the most delightful of holidays, and the mention of certain inns, their dishes and the local wines, will be a stimulus and help to the other pilgrims that this book should encourage. Just as pictures should be seen rather than read about, so wines should be drunk, and no knowledge is more vivid than that to be had, and sometimes only, in the places where they are made and abound. OSBERT BURDETT.

Oxford and Limey

THE SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY. 2 vols. (Oxford University Press. £3 3s.)
LIMEY. By JAMES SPENSER. (Longmans, Green. 10s. 6d.)

THIS juxtaposition may resemble blasphemy, irreverence, impudence or ineptitude, and "Limey" may seem a "gate-crasher" among those eminent scholars, the late William Little (who undertook the work to solace himself in his deafness), Mr. H. W. Fowler, and Mrs. J. Coulson, choragused and choreographed by that very remarkable lexicographer, Dr. C. T. Onions. But Mr. Spenser, an Englishman, was in America known as "the studious gangster," and his language cannot always be elucidated by reference to the *Shorter Oxford*, as it is already called with a mixture of affection and respect. This is not a defect in a work of magnificent scholarship and startling reliability, for in it I find the South African *scoff*, the Australian *wowser*, and the Canadian *sour-dough*, all comparatively recent and all slang; this dictionary does not admit any save the accredited Americanisms and (though not *gate-crasher*) a few others too generally used, for all their American slanginess, to be refused entrance. Perhaps *Limey*, a fascinating, thrilling and authentic picture of gangsterdom, will drive the inquisitive to Godfrey Irwin's *American Tramp and Underworld Slang*, and it will certainly have to be taken account of, sooner or later, by the lexicographer, of whom Mr. Burdett has wittily but epigrammatically said: "A maker of dictionaries is an active laborious creature, the navvy of scholarship, carrying his head backward and forward from one learned library to another."

Actually, a lexicographer must have not only immense patience and careful scholarship, but imagination and insight, for he is at once historian, psychologist, word-lover, and poet—the poet of definition, the (often in his own despite) picturesque delver into etymology, and the observer of phonetics. Lexicography is the most democratic and the most aristocratic of studies and practices, for, while one word is as good as another, there is a rigorous selection. And the public recognizes these facts and these qualities, for it always welcomes a well-written dictionary and very quickly puts a bad one in its place, the limbo of the stillborn. Last year we had Wyld's *Universal Dictionary*, now we have the *Shorter Oxford*, and both have been deservedly well received.

So it has always been. Passing over the quaint and scholarly dictionaries of the seventeenth century—they all, by the way, omitted such familiar words as *the*, *dog*, *go*, *by*—we come, in the first half of the eighteenth century, to Nathaniel Bailey, whose great work reached a twelfth edition some thirty years after Dr. Johnson's yet greater work appeared. Johnson made history by the solid excellence of his definitions, the pioneering of his illustrative quotations, and the lovable caustic personality that insisted on expressing itself even here. Johnson lorded it in England till about 1830, when Noah Webster came and conquered. In America, Webster has, even to this day, retained his popularity, despite the rivalry of Worcester and, much later, the *Century Dictionary*, this last being much used in England until the immense *Oxford English Dictionary* was completed some five years ago. The *Century*, in its larger form, was the fullest dictionary of English for many years, and a rapid glance at even the *O.E.D.*, the greatest piece of lexicography in any language, will show the debt that others owe to it.

The innovation made in the *Shorter Oxford* is the dating of the earliest record of every word, and this is often supported by a quotation, a combination present in the parent dictionary, but absent from every other, though Weekley, in his *Etymological Dictionary of Modern English* (perhaps the most readable of all dictionaries), frequently adduces the earliest record and buttressing quotations, these last being also noticeable, yet not always given, in the *Century*.

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

Japan's Ambition

JAPAN: MISTRESS OF THE PACIFIC? By COLONEL P. T. ETHERTON AND H. HESSELL TILTMAN. (Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.)

THE statistical and general information contained in this book, and many of the conclusions based upon it, display a marked improvement, as regards lucidity of statement and continuity of argument, over the same writers' somewhat hastily produced work on Manchuria, reviewed in these columns last May. Notably in those chapters which deal with the increasing pressure of population in Japan, the nation's financial and economic problems and its international relations, the authors supply useful facts and figures which should enable the reader to form a fairly accurate idea of the main factors of the present situation in the Far East.

The question which the book's title raises involves acceptance of the idea, which Chinese propagandists have sedulously disseminated in recent years, that the ultimate aim of Japan's unswerving national policy is the achievement of complete economic and military supremacy throughout the whole region of the Pacific, and to apply a "Monroe Doctrine" for her own benefit to Eastern Asia. It involves the assumption that Japan's conquest of Manchuria is merely the first move in a definite scheme of large-scale encroachments upon the independence and territory of China. The authors discuss the many *pros* and *cons* of this assumption and its probably perilous consequences; they predict international complications of the gravest nature in the event of the Powers permitting Japan to flout the League of Nations in regard to Manchuria, because "the United States is unlikely to allow the balance of power in the Pacific to be upset in Japan's favour without protest, or to abandon a distracted China to the mercies of an aggressive Imperialism across the Yellow Sea." In their opinion, the results of a definite challenge to world opinion would prove disastrous to Japan because, "unity and patriotism apart, she possesses neither the resources nor the national strength to defend her aim of Pacific hegemony before the grim assize of modern war."

These opinions, though widely discussed, are irreconcilable with the conclusions to be drawn from study of Japanese history since the Treaty of Shimonoseki, for the most conspicuous characteristic of the nation's statecraft during this period has been the deliberate caution which it has consistently displayed, when confronted with issues which involved the probability of conflict against superior odds. It is also to be observed that in their

survey of the Manchurian question, the authors fail to attach sufficient importance to the close relations and community of interests which have existed between Russia and Japan in the region north of the Great Wall since 1907, and to the historical fact that, when Japan became a party to the Washington Treaties in 1922, her diplomatic representatives made it unmistakably clear that, come what may, she would never willingly consent to abandon the rights which the nation had established, by force of arms and Treaty rights, in that region.

J. O. P. BLAND.

Historical Oddities

IN THE MARGIN OF HISTORY. By SIR HARRY LUKE. (Lovat Dickson. 12s. 6d.)

THIS little volume of historical essays contains a really astonishing quantity of curious information. The author's principle of selection is the converse of that well-known maxim of Roman Law, *De minimis non curat lex*. Unsuccessful adventurers, well-nigh invisible territories, a vanishing seaport, a lost baby, a seventeenth-century naval chaplain—these are his theme, for these he tunes his song, and he proves that what may be insignificant is certainly not unamusing.

The first essay deals with sundry quaint eccentrics who, in the broad and prosy daylight of the nineteenth century, crowned themselves kings of remote spots which no one—until they had proclaimed their kingdoms—appeared to want. Orllic de Tounens, who established himself for a month or two as King Anthony I of Araucania; James I Emperor of the Sahara, who tried to provoke between a horse and a camel a degree of intimacy such as would produce a new beast combining the speed of the former and the endurance of the latter. The next essay describes the four smallest States of Europe—San Marino, where Garibaldi reached the haven of neutral territory at the end of his famous march from Rome; Monaco, Liechtenstein, and Andorra, where, as we read in the *Times* of April 10, they have just had a revolution, the ancient Senate of the Patresfamiliae being overthrown by the younger generation knocking at the door of the little cottage which is their Senate house. Then follows an essay on Luxembourg, and another on the strange incident in the bedroom of the Ducal

Palace of Karlsruhe and the subsequent manifestation of Kaspar Hauser—this story needed a Sherlock Holmes and did not find one. "New States and Old in Dalmatia" is packed with curiosities; for example, the aristocracy of Ragusa which, when Napoleon brought to an end their little republic, "entered into a voluntary compact of celibacy in order that they might die out, a compact which was faithfully carried out by all but two of the families concerned."

Next we have oriental embassies to the Plantagenet kings. The English, it is said, often get oriental titles wrong, and the converse seems to have been true. For example, the envoy of the Il-Khan Argon visits "King Alanqitar in Kasonia"—in other words, the King (of) Angleterre (Edward I) in Gascony. Next, a short account of Aqaba, at the head of the eastern arm of the Red Sea, once the port through which King Solomon, and afterwards the Romans, imported gold of Ophir and other delights, now derelict, and sidetracked by the Hejaz railway. But Sir Harry takes a cheerful view and thinks it may revive as a fishing port; its fish are mentioned in the Koran, and are presumably still there.

Of the naval chaplain, whose diary concludes the book, we need only say that he is worthy of his company.

D. C. SOMERVELL.

Conservatism in England

AN ANALYTICAL, HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SURVEY. By F. J. C. HEARNSHAW, M.A., LL.D. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 8s. 6d. net.)

PROFESSOR HEARNSHAW has written a valuable survey of the action in English history of the Conservative genius. His definition of principles is comprehensive and adequate. Unlike many recent writers he understands the essentially religious basis of our philosophy, though at times he unduly narrows his outlook by seeming to equate that basis with the support of the established Church. Allowance has sometimes to be made for a very pardonable bias.

The section of the work which deals with Jacobitism is the least satisfactory. The author is misled by an essentially Whiggish acceptance of the inevitability of the Hanoverian triumph,

and refuses to recognize the good qualities of the exiled race. Recent historical works, such as Sir Charles Petrie's "The Jacobite Movement," correct our perspective, and show the Jacobites in a more favourable light. The literary genius of Bolingbroke has perhaps blinded Professor Hearnshaw to some of his faults as a statesman, of which the habit of blabbing Jacobite secrets to his mistresses was not the least. It is regrettable that "honest Shippen" is treated with such little respect.

With the recovery of Conservatism under George III our author is on safer ground; there is little to criticize in his appraisement of Conservative tendencies from that date up to the present day. Attempts at compromise, such as Peel's bourgeois *Tamworth Manifesto* and the pamphlet *Looking Ahead*, inspired by Mr. Baldwin in 1924, do not appeal to him, nor is he satisfied with the aristocratic evasiveness of the late Lord Balfour. He reserves his enthusiasm for the idealistic Toryism of Burke, Canning and, above all, Disraeli, of whom he writes with real sympathy and much understanding.

I would have welcomed a fuller treatment of the Imperialist tendency which has so profoundly influenced later Conservatism. Imperialism does not necessarily or naturally arise from Conservative principles; many Empire builders, like Cecil Rhodes, were Liberals. The process by which Disraeli (especially) engrafted the Imperial shoot on to the Tory oak is deserving of very careful study. It might throw some light on the immensely difficult Imperial problems which face us to-day. The acquisition of new territories has always been a much simpler matter than the rule of alien races. One of the greatest defects of modern Conservatism is its inability to make up its mind on the lines of development which ought to be pursued in the colonies.

IDDESLEIGH.

THE

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Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

THE sweep fever has definitely passed its peak despite the large number of Club and private Derby sweeps and the symptoms are more healthy. There will always be a certain number of people to whom the distant chance of success and riches appeal, but many also realize that their chances are so small they will not "throw good money after bad." These people will only be induced to try again if their next door neighbour or a friend or relative wins. I hear it is very doubtful if any government of Mr. De Valera's in Ireland will countenance another legal lease of life for the Irish Hospitals Sweep when the present tenure ends next year. To them—and it is quite true—it is only an Irish Sweep in that it is operated from and drawn in Dublin and that the Irish Free State Government take a share in the proceeds. It is really a British Empire Sweep in point of the money subscribed and Mr. De Valera's ultra-nationalism will not stomach this.

* * *

HOW lucky the Royal Regiment of Artillery has been this year in the matter of promotions and appointments. General Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd led off the roll of "lucky Gunners" by taking over the post of Chief of the Imperial General Staff in place of Field Marshal Lord Milne (also a "Gunner"). Lieut.-General Sir Percy Radcliffe became a full General and has obtained the important Southern Command, Sir Alexander Wardrop comes home from India to the Northern Command, Lieut.-General W. M. St. George Kirke is to succeed to the Western Command, Lieut.-General Sir Edmund Ironside

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will go out to India as Quarter-Master General, and Major-General W. H. Bartholomew has been promoted Lieutenant-General. All of these officers were "Gunners," so the Royal Regiment has had its full share of the plums.

* * *

IN Victorian days it was the "Sappers" who got the best appointments and "Sapper" G.O.C.'s-in-C. were the order of the day. Queen Victoria loved the Royal Engineers. Just before, during and after the war it was a case of the Cavalry running and ruling the Service, to wit such names as French, Haig, Gough, Allenby, Byng, Birdwood, Chetwode, Campbell and Robertson. Infantry men were never nearly so lucky with only Plumer and Harington conspicuous, but Guardsmen, up to a point, got their full share of the honours going. Still it is undoubtedly the turn of the "Gunners" now, as may be expected in these days of mechanization when a "Gunner" rules the roost.

* * *

THE Army takes on its most brilliant hues this month with the Royal Tournament at Olympia still in being and the Aldershot Tattoo in Ascot week. I am glad the King's Life Guards are performing the musical ride, for the Tournament has owed much to the beautiful settings of music to which man and horse respond, which was invented and first carried out by the Queen's Life Guards in 1880. Indeed it was this first ride that brought the attendance at the Tournament up by leaps and bounds and made the profits jump for military charities from £500 to £3,500. As the post-war profits average nearly £25,000 a year the musical ride can be said to have proved itself a veritable money-maker.

* * *

VISITORS to Ascot—and it should be a bumper meeting with so

many visitors in London—will certainly use the Tote. The public like it and at Ascot in particular it is ideal, for so many horses are fancied in each race and the prices are good. It is much to be hoped that the differences between the Racing Control Board and the Ascot authorities, which are said to have been going on for two years, have been finally settled. Many will surely not understand why those who cater for the sport of the public cannot agree or reach some form of permanent agreement by which the convenience and pleasure of the public will not be jeopardized.

* * *

DESPITE the loss of the Tote the dog-racing public are not discomfited as some thought they would be. It is not at all likely that in any future legislation the tote will ever get beyond horse-racing, but it is most likely that the number of dog-racing meetings will be severely curtailed.

For every 1,000 horse races a year there are nearly 40,000 dog races in and around London, a proportion outside all reason and which cannot prevent even a broad-minded critic observing that such an increase in dog-racing must surely increase also the public appetite for betting. This is true. An amazing increase has taken place in the betting habits of the working classes and this must be attributed to the facilities provided by the numerous meetings at the dog-race tracks.

* * *

MANY more people are taking to deep sea fishing, and where only dozens used to whiff for mackerel or catch pollack off our rocky shores, quite a number of people essay much bolder ideas and spend the nights after big conger and cod. This reminds me that I came across some miners fishing off Saltburn-by-the-Sea. They were on a day's holiday, but unfortunately for them a school of porpoise came in the bay tumbling over themselves, disporting in the waters near by. "See that!" said one of the miners. "See what?" said another. And at that moment he saw it. "A porcipine" said the first. "A d–d whale!" said his companion. "Pull for your lives," he shouted and pull they did to shore as fast as they could, for they were too frightened to fish again.

Correspondence

"The Case for Japan"

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I have just been reading with much appreciation the excellent and accurate article on "The Case for Japan" in the May issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, by Mr. Kirkpatrick. There is only one small point on which I venture to offer a correction. On page 496 occurs the sentence: "I have reason to believe that ever since the expulsion of the successor of the dethroned emperor from Peking———"

It was the dethroned emperor himself who was expelled from the Forbidden City and had to take refuge under Japanese protection first in the Japanese Legation and later in Tientsin. It is that dethroned emperor who is now head of the new State—which I prefer to call "Manchuria" and not "Manchoukuo." He was on the throne from 1908 to the end of 1911. Being a child, he did not, of course, exercise his imperial functions in person, but through a Regent, who was his own father.

It is perfectly true, as stated by Mr. Kirkpatrick on page 494, that long before the establishment of the new State in 1932 there was a movement on foot

" to restore the Manchu dynasty, if not to the throne of China, to their own original kingdom." This is why the Lytton Commissioners committed the extraordinary blunder of saying that before September, 1931, the independence movement had never been heard of. I heard of it as early as 1919.

Yours very truly,

The Athenæum, May 1, 1933. REGINALD F. JOHNSTON.

The Joint Foreign Committee

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In the April issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW Mr. Tennant states in his article on Hitler and his policy that 1,250,000 Central European Jews have immigrated into Germany since the war. Mr. Tennant is completely misinformed. A reference to the Statesman's Year Book will show that at the census of 1910 the Jewish population of Germany was 615,021 out of a total population of 63,051,979, and at the last census (1925) it had fallen to 564,379 out of a total of 62,592,575.

Perhaps I may add the following quotation from *The Times* of March 23, 1933 :—

> " As the wildest statements about the number of Jews in Germany are broadcast by the anti-Jewish (*sic*), and as ' millions ' are often said to have invaded Germany from Poland and Galicia, it is worth while recording that the latest Government statistics give the number of Jews in Germany at the last official count in 1925 as 564,379 (in a population of 65,000,000), and the number of Jews per 1,000 of the population in 1925 as 9, as against 9·3 in 1910."

Commenting on the Bill restricting the admission of Jews to German schools and universities, *The Times* of April 27 states that :—

> " New admissions will be strictly kept to 1·5 per cent., which, it is pointed out, is considerably more than the Jewish proportion of the population (there are about 600,000 professed Jews out of a population of some 65,000,000.")

It is clear, therefore, that the Nazi Government itself estimates the Jewish population for its own purposes, at considerably less than 1½ per cent. of 65,000,000, so that the suggestion that one and a quarter million Jews have been added to the pre-war population is answered by the Nazis themselves.

I am sure you will recognize, and that Mr. Tennant also will recognize, that the statement, which presumably emanates from German propagandists, that 1,250,000 Central European Jews have immigrated into Germany since the war is a pure invention, though I need hardly add that I am equally sure that Mr. Tennant, who may not know the ways of the Nazis, accepted and reproduced it in good faith.

Yours faithfully,

LEONARD STEIN.
Chairman, Information Sub-Committee.

The Joint Foreign Committee,
Woburn House,
Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1.

We are glad to publish Mr. Stein's letter, if only because it gives us an opportunity for expressing once again our detestation of the methods in pursuance of the recent anti-Jewish campaign in Germany. We feel, however, that the figures quoted by Mr. Stein are not strictly relevant to the matter at issue. As we understand it, the Jewish question in Germany to-day is regarded by those in authority not as a religious but as a racial one, and the statistics of professing Jews have, therefore, very little to do with the case. What are wanted to check the Nazi figures are figures showing the number of persons in Germany who are of Jewish antecedents. Without these figures, the present controversy seems somewhat futile.

EDITOR, ENGLISH REVIEW.